5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

fer in certain particulars, especially in the explanations of certain features of the ceremony. 223

Wolf Calf's account of this ceremony is as follows: — [115]

"A man who started out to catch eagles moved his lodge and his family away from the main camp, to some place where the birds were abundant. A spot was chosen on top of a mound or butte within a few miles of his lodge, and here he dug a pit in the ground as long as his body and somewhat deeper. The earth removed was carried away to a distance, and scattered about so as to make no show. When the pit had been made large enough, it was roofed over with small willow sticks, on which grass was scattered, and over the grass a little earth and stones were laid, so as to give the place a natural look, like the prairie all about it.

"The bait was a piece of bloody neck of a buffalo. This, of course, could be seen a long way off, and by the meat a stuffed wolf skin was often placed, standing up, as if the animal were eating. To the piece of neck was tied a rope, which passed down through the roof of the pit and was held in the watcher's hand.

"After all had been made ready, the next day the man rose very early, before it was light, and, after smoking and praying, left his camp, telling his wives and children not to use an awl while he was gone. He endeavored to reach the pit early in the morning, before it became light, and lay down in it, taking with him a slender stick about six feet long, a human skull, and a little pemmican. Then he waited. [782] [784] [769] [789]

"When the morning came, and the eagles were flying, one of them would see the meat and descend to take it away from the wolf. Finding it held fast by the rope, the bird began to feed on it; and while it was pecking at the bait, the watcher seized it by the legs, and drew it into the pit, where he killed it, either by twisting its neck, or by crushing it with his knees. Then he laid it to one side, first opening [789]

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

223 the bill and putting a little piece of pemmican in its mouth.
[789] This was done to make the other eagles hungry. While he was in the pit, the man neither ate, drank, nor slept. He had a sleeping-place not far off, to which he repaired each night after dark, and there he ate and drank.

[769] "The reason for taking the skull into the hole with the
[751] catcher was, in part, for his protection. It was believed that the ghost of the person to whom the skull had belonged would protect the watcher against harm from the eagle, and besides that, the skull, or ghost, would make the watcher invisible, like a ghost. The eagle would not see him.

"The stick was used to poke or drive away smaller birds, such as magpies, crows, and ravens, which might alight on the roof of the pit, and try to feed on the bait. It was used, also, to drive away the white-headed eagle, which they did not care to catch. These are powerful birds; they could almost kill a person.

784 "There are two sacred things connected with the catch-
223 ing of eagles, — two things which must be observed if the eagle-catcher is to have good luck. The man who is watching must not eat rosebuds. If he does, the eagle, when he comes down and alights by the bait, will begin to scratch himself and will not attack the bait. The rosebuds will make him itch. Neither the man nor his wife must use an awl while he is absent from his lodge, and is trying to catch
[751] the birds. If this is done, the eagles will scratch the catcher. Sometimes one man would catch a great many eagles."

223 In his day, John Monroe was a famous eagle-catcher, and
[115] he has given me the following account of the method as he has practised it. The pit is dug, six feet long, three wide, and four deep, on top of the highest knoll that can be found near a stream. The earth taken out is carried a long way off. Over the pit they put two long poles, one on each side, running lengthwise of the pit, and other smaller sticks are laid across, resting on the poles. The smaller sticks are

231
755
756
778
789
791
794
796

[For information on the horse medicine cult and its bundle, see all of the above categories.]

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

given in the earlier pages of this book, many of the attributes of the different animals are clearly set forth.

There were various powers and signs connected with these animals so held in high esteem by the Blackfeet, to which the people gave strict heed. Thus the raven has the power of giving people far sight. It was also useful in another way. Often, in going to war, a man would get a raven's skin and stuff the head and neck, and tie it to the hair of the head behind. If a man wearing such a skin got near the enemy without knowing it, the skin would give him warning by tapping him on the back of the head with its bill. Then he would know that the enemy was near, and would hide. If a raven flew over a lodge, or a number of lodges, and cried, and then was joined by other ravens, all flying over the camp and crying, it was a sure sign that during the day some one would come and tell the news from far off. The ravens often told the people that game was near, calling to the hunter and then flying a little way, and then coming back, and again calling and flying toward the game.

The wolves are the people's great friends; they travel with the wolves. If, as they are travelling along, they pass close to some wolves, these will bark at the people, talking to them. Some man will call to them, "No, I will not give you my body to eat, but I will give you the body of some one else, if you will go along with us." This applies both to wolves and coyotes. If a man goes away from the camp at night, and meets a coyote, and it barks at him, he goes back to the camp, and says to the people: "Look out now; be smart. A coyote barked at me to-night." Then the people look out, and are careful, for it is a sure sign that something bad is going to happen. Perhaps some one will be shot; perhaps the enemy will charge the camp.

If a person is hungry and sings a wolf song, he is likely to find food. Men going on a hunting trip sing these songs, which bring them good luck.

825 778 The bear has very powerful medicine. Sometimes he takes pity on people and helps them, as in the story of Mik'-api.

821 789 [533] Some Piegans, if they wish to travel on a certain day, have the power of insuring good weather on that day. It is supposed that they do this by singing a powerful song. Some of the enemy can cause bad weather, when they want to steal into the camp.

People who belonged to the *Sin'-o-pah* band of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi*, if they were at war in summer and wanted a storm to come up, would take some dirt and water and rub it on the kit-fox skin, and this would cause a rain-storm to come up. In winter, snow and dirt would be rubbed on the skin and this would bring up a snow-storm.

778 782 Certain places and inanimate objects are also greatly reverenced by the Blackfeet, and presents are made to them.

823 [115] [776] The smallest of the three buttes of the Sweet Grass Hills is regarded as sacred. "All the Indians are afraid to go there," Four Bears once told me. Presents are sometimes thrown into the Missouri River, though these are not offerings made directly to the stream, but are given to the Under Water People, who live in it.

Mention has already been made of the buffalo rock, which gives its owner the power to call the buffalo.

Another sacred object is the medicine rock of the Marias. It is a huge boulder of reddish sandstone, two-thirds the way up a steep hill on the north bank of the Marias River, about five miles from Fort Conrad. Formerly, this rock rested on the top of the bluff, but, as the soil about it is worn away by the wind and the rain, it is slowly moving down the hill. The Indians believe it to be alive, and make presents to it. When I first visited it, the ground about it was strewn with decaying remnants of offerings that had been made to it in the past. Among these I noticed, besides fragments of clothing, eagle feathers, a steel finger

A. [See Category 116, pp. 61-69--Analyst]
4

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Magic also played an important part in Blackfoot religion. One impressive magical performance known to many Algonkian tribes of the woodlands in historic times was seen among the Piegans by a white trader prior to 1795. Doubtless it was observed among the Blackfeet in dog days. It is the ritual most commonly known as the shaking tent rite.[14] A small tent was erected in the center of a lodge. The medicine man permitted himself to be bound tightly hand and foot with rawhide ropes and tossed into the tent. Soon the tent began to shake, and sounds of struggle came from within it, followed by the singing of strange songs. Then this primitive Houdini emerged from his confinement with his hands and feet free and made one or more predictions of future events. He told where buffalo would be found in great numbers, or foretold some sickness or good fortune which was to come to someone in the camp.

Probably lacking in Blackfoot religion in dog days was the great tribal ceremony of the sun dance, which was held each summer in more recent times. It also is unlikely that the hunting bands recognized a tribal chief. Certainly the hunting band must have been the primary political unit.

These, then, were the primitive Blackfoot Indians in dog days. They were a hardy, nomadic hunting people. When buffalo were plentiful, they shared their kill among all the families of the band. All feasted on choice cuts of meat. When game was scarce, they all tightened their belts. There were neither rich nor poor among them. Their limited transportation facilities made the accumulation of wealth, even in foodstuffs, impossible. They enjoyed few luxuries. But they were a self-reliant people who wrested a living from the resources of their own country and depended upon no alien folk for any of life's necessities.

[14] James Mackay, Indian Notes, Note 5. Manuscript in the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis. This early fur trader gives his eye-witness account of this Piegan magical rite.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

might be ended by a payment of horses to the family of the deceased. Thus it was possible for a wealthy man literally to get away with murder, although he would not enhance his popularity by doing so.

Frequent changes in band allegiance brought together in one residential community people without blood relationship closer than that of second cousins. Marriage between such persons was permitted. In fact, the fathers and mothers of several of my older Blackfoot informants were members of the same band at the time of their marriages.

Young men enjoyed remarkable freedom in their sexual life. They accosted girls while they were alone gathering wood or water on the outskirts of camp. They bragged of their conquests, particularly if they had had an affair with a married woman. Chastity before marriage was more an ideal than a reality for many girls. Yet a girl who earned a reputation for being too free with her favors might have to be satisfied with marrying a poor boy whose future prospects were equally poor.

Faint-hearted lovers, or more aggressive ones whose advances were repulsed by the girls of their choice, sometimes employed love medicines to bring them success in their amorous endeavors. These were secret formulae concocted by specialists for a fee. Because the Cree Indians were famous for these medicines, the Blackfeet referred to love medicine as "Cree Medicine." There were many varieties. One such medicine called for making two little birch bark images, one representing a man and the other a woman. A stick was dipped in the liquid medicine, then touched to the hearts of the male and female figures. This magic was certain to make the girl long for the company of her as yet unsuccessful lover. So powerful were love medicines reputed to be that resistance to them was considered useless.

Fathers and mothers were ambitious for their daughters to marry well. It was not uncommon for the father of a little girl to tell a successful warrior, "When my daughter is old enough, she will be your wife." The marriage might not take place for a decade. Elk-Hollering-in-the-Water told me she was promised

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

all the skins in the man's lodge. But meanwhile the man learned all the songs of the beaver medicine and the bird and animal skin that went with each song.

After the beaver returned to his home in the lake, the hunter collected the skins of all the different birds and animals and made them into his sacred bundle. Thus the beaver medicine bundle came to be.[4]

The great size of this bundle and the variety of its contents caused the beaver ritual to be the most complex of all Blackfoot Indian rituals. It required years for a man to learn the several hundred songs of this ceremony, the animals to which each referred, and their proper sequence in the ritual. Consequently, ownership of a beaver bundle was not transferred very often. As a beaver man grew old, he taught the ritual to a younger man so that he could carry on the ceremony after the old man's death.

The beaver bundle was opened and the ritual performed in response to an Indian's vow to feast the beaver man and to give him valuable property if he or one of his family should recover from a serious illness or be saved from imminent danger on the warpath. In early times, when food was scarce and the people were hungry, they called upon the beaver man to open his mighty bundle and perform his ritual to call the buffalo. The beaver man and his wife danced, shaking the hoofs and tail of a buffalo which were taken from the bundle. He prayed and sang his potent buffalo-charming songs to change the direction of the wind and drive the buffalo toward camp. The next morning buffalo would be found close by and would be driven into the pound made by the people of the village. In gratitude for his service in preventing starvation, the people gave the beaver man choice morsels from the buffalo impounded and killed.

Seeds of the sacred tobacco planted by the Blood and Northern Blackfoot tribes were preserved through the winter in the bundles of beaver men. At planting time in May they gave a

[4] This origin legend was told me by Frank Red Crow, a Blood, in 1951. Four variants of the beaver medicine origin legend appear in Wissler and Duvall, "Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians," AMNH *Anth. Papers*, Vol. II, Part 1, 74-78.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

White-Horses, so named because all the horses in his herd were whites or grays, traded any dark-colored horses he obtained for white ones. Nevertheless, his horses were said to have been of rather poor quality. They were small, tender-hoofed animals. When the Government furnished large stallions to Piegan owners, Many-White-Horses refused to accept them. He feared the stallions would injure his small mares. So he continued to raise large numbers of little horses. They had more prestige than practical value.

Joseph Sherburne recalled that when he traveled the Blackfeet Reservation (in the first decade of the 20th century) making collections for his father's store, some Indian owners of large herds still specialized in horses of a particular color or conformation. He learned to recognize the peculiarities of the horses of different owners so that he could tell from a distance the ownership of many range horses by their appearance. There were 10 or 12 owners on the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana at that time whose horses were readily distinguishable by their physical appearance. Mr. Sherburne said the uniformity of these herds was maintained both by selection of studs and by swapping of horses which failed to exhibit the desired characteristics.

MAGICAL BREEDING FORMULAS

Some Blackfoot horsemen placed faith in magical formulas for insuring the birth of colts exhibiting desired qualities. If a man wanted a pinto colt he killed a magpie and tied its black and white feathered body around the neck of his mare with a buckskin string in the fall of the year, saying, "Now, I want you to have a pinto colt next spring." The magpie was worn on the mare's neck until it fell off. One informant said, "When spring came that mare would surely have a pinto colt, and thereafter all her colts would be pintos."

No other color of horse was as popular with the old-time Blackfoot as was that of the pinto. Many men were proud to be seen riding a two-colored horse.[28]

In order to get "a big colt," the Piegan Stingy is said to have made a practice of roasting a "big turnip" (*Leptotaenia multifida*, carrot-leaf), slicing it with a knife, punching holes through the slices, stringing them on a buckskin cord, and tying the cord around a mare's neck. The odor of the big turnip kept the mare in fine condition all winter. In spring she would bear a "big colt." Stingy is said to have employed

[28] This is in contrast to the Kiowa tendency to consider pintos "women's horses" (communication from Alice Marriott). The Nez Percé (Ross, 1855, vol. 1, p. 307) preferred white and speckled (Appaloosa) horses, which they valued at two or three times the worth of other horses. Kroeber (1907, p. 424) reported Arapaho use of colored bean medicines to cause mares to produce colts of desired colors. Spotted beans produced pintos, red beans roans or bays, and white beans white or buckskin colts. My Kiowa informants had no knowledge of the use of magical breeding formulas by members of their tribe.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

this formula in producing Flop Ears, considered the fastest Piegan-owned race horse of its time.

To insure the birth of a fast colt a man killed a jackrabbit, cut off its front feet and strung them with sliced "big turnip" on a buckskin cord, which he tied around his mare's neck. "That mare would have a fast colt" (color and size undetermined).

CARE OF GRAVID MARES AND COLTS

Although more colts were born in spring than in any other time of year, there were "a lot of fall colts" and some early ones. The Indians thought that it would make mares good breeders if they were used for riding or transport duty until their udders began to swell about a week before foaling. No assistance was given a mare in labor unless the weather was stormy. Then it was given the protection of an old lodge cover, if the owner possessed one.

A smart horseman paid close attention to the colt after birth. He rubbed and straightened the colt's legs and shaped its ears with his hands. If the colt appeared to him to show possibilities of becoming a valuable horse, he continued to work its legs with his hands to be sure the bones would be straight and well formed.

Most mares were put to work a few days after the birth of their colts. Poor people, who owned few horses, had no choice in the matter. Wealthier owners, however, could rest their mares for months after foaling. They might not work a mare that had foaled in spring until the following fall. Many mares owned by wealthy owners were kept solely for breeding purposes. They were neither broken to the saddle nor used as pack animals.[170]

GELDING

Although the Blackfoot practice of gelding most male horses inevitably influenced breeding by reducing the male breeding stock, "keeping them from bothering mares" was only one of three major reasons for castrating. The Blackfoot also considered gelding made their horses more tractable and fleeter of foot. In theory all males not reserved for stud purposes were castrated at between 1 and 3 years of age. Actually there were many exceptions. Some owners were negligent about having their horses gelded, which helped to account for

[170] The 18th-century literature on other Plains Indian tribes contains two references that suggest the Plains Indians may have been slow to learn the importance of the care of gravid mares, and that neglect of such care resulted in heavy losses of colts and limited increases in their herds through breeding. Bourgmont (in Margry, 1886, vol. 6, p. 445) observed that the Paduca (Apache), in 1724, were unable to raise colts because their mares miscarried while chasing buffalo. The increase of the herds of the little Osage was said (in 1785) to have been "entirely prevented because they load the mares too heavily and make them run too much" (Miro, 1946, p. 164). It is possible that white men, who noted these conditions, may have been influential in helping the Indians to correct them.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

the hill out of sight of the crowd at the start and finish mark. The distance to be run always was measured by eye. The most frequently mentioned straightway distance was "about as far as you could barely see a horse on the open plain." Some courses were longer. Races were recalled in which the horses at the starting point could be seen from the finish only through a spy glass. Generally the distance was from 2 to 4 miles, very rarely shorter. Informants' statements thus tallied closely with Bradley's reckoning (in the 1870's) that Blackfoot horse races generally were run over a course of "three or four miles" (Bradley, 1923, p. 276).

There was a strict rule requiring each horse entered by a society to be the property of a member of that society. Usually each society had held trials some time prior to the race in which the fastest horses were run to determine the intersociety race entrant for that year. These trials were held in secret at some distance from the encampment. On the day of the race the two horses entered were watched carefully by members of the respective societies who were warned to keep other people away from the competing horses. The greatest precaution was taken to prevent a horse medicine man from coming near the race horses for fear that he might use his secret power to make one of the horses tire or falter in the stretch. (See p. 272, on the powers of Blackfoot horse medicine men.)

Informants did not agree on the method of selection of the jockeys. Some said a jockey was selected by the owner of the race horse. Others claimed the society as a body chose the jockey. However, it is clear that jockeys usually were relatives of the horse owners. They were light, thin, adolescent boys or young men who knew how to handle horses in races. Jockeys usually wore only breechclouts and tied their hair behind their heads to keep it from blowing in their faces. Generally they rode bareback with only a war bridle (a two-reined rawhide rope looped once about the horse's lower jaw) and a whip to control the horse.

The finish line of the race was sometimes just a furrow scraped in the earth across the course. At other times it was marked by two piles of rocks, each about 3 feet high, erected some 60 feet apart. Each pile was set up by members of one of the competing societies. They were men who had used rock fortifications in the defense against the enemy.

Shortly before the race the two competing horses were brought to the finish line where the crowd gathered to view them and place bets on their favorites. Betting usually was heavy, by nonmembers as well as members of the rival societies. Horses were commonly wagered, the horses bet against each other were tied together and held by some lad. Guns, robes, blankets, and food were common stakes. A man might wager his pad saddle against another's bow, arrows, and

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

All this time Wolf Calf didn't know how his stallion had been treated by his neighbor. One night his stallion, Gone-in-Different-Brush, appeared to him in his dream, and said, "Father, tell that man to let me alone. Don't let him abuse me any more. Help me and I shall give you great power that you can use all your life." Wolf Calf then told his neighbor, "Don't harm that horse any more. I'll catch him and break him." Wolf Calf broke the stallion and always was careful to treat him well, petting him and giving him special attention.

About a year later the stallion again appeared to Wolf Calf in a dream. "Father," he said, "I am grateful for your kindness to me. I want to repay you. You will always have a lot of horses. Wherever you are I shall be with you to help you. Now I shall give you the sacred dance of the horses. We dance it. It will be your secret. Let your people keep it from generation to generation."

Each time Wolf Calf caught his stallion after that he saw paint on it. The horse grew old and Wolf Calf continued to dream of it. It became so old grass dropped from its mouth when it fed. Finally it died. Then Wolf Calf cut some of the dead horse's mane and the soft chestnut from one leg and kept them in a bundle in his lodge as a remembrance of his favorite horse.

Wolf Calf felt badly and continued to think of that horse. A few months later he had a dream in which the wild horse he had kept in his herd for 4 days some years before appeared to him. The wild horse said, "I know you miss your favorite horse. I want you to know I appreciate what you did for me too. You didn't kill me, but let me go. Father, I am Sitting-on-a-Hill. I shall give you my power. I'll give you all the roots that grow in the ground that we horses like to eat. They will be your medicine."

Later Wolf Calf, in another dream, saw people dancing the horse dance. They were arguing. One said, "What shall we do?" Another said, "We shall give him secret power to cure the people?" The first one said, "No, we shall give him secret power to cure horses." Finally they agreed, "Let us throw these powers together. Let us give him power to do both."

Then Wolf Calf told his friends of his dreams for the first time. "I have dreamed of this power a long time. Through my horses and these men I was given secret power. I am going to dance the dance just as I saw it. I shall call it the horse dance." The people gathered to watch Wolf Calf dance the horse dance.

Some time later Wolf Calf was watching horses grazing beside a river. As he approached he saw them pawing with their forefeet, digging up roots. He found a root partly unearthed and picked it up. It was about 6 inches long. When he started home with it the horses followed him. That night he was told in another dream, "This root you found will be good for many things. If a horse is sick take some of this root, grind it into a powder and mix it with sage. Then give it to the sick horse. Put it in water, throw the horse down and let him drink it. The horse will be able to eat and you will save it." Then Wolf Calf gave another dance and gathered the people around. He told them of his new power. They agreed, "This is a very powerful dance."

Wolf Calf tried all the medicines he was told of in dreams. Some were for sickness. If a man couldn't eat, a certain root would restore his appetite. If someone felt lazy a little powdered medicine would make him feel energetic again. There was also a medicine to turn a fine day into a raging blizzard or to make rain come on a dry day.

Then Wolf Calf told the people, "If anyone is sick we shall give the secret horse dance. It will pull him through. If a war party is surrounded by the enemy and one of that party vows to give me a feast and invite me to dance, that man will escape unharmed."

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Night Gun said Wolf Calf transferred some of his horse medicine power to his son-in-law, Fish Child. Fish Child then began to have dreams of horse medicine. He and Wolf Calf decided to pool their knowledge. Lazy Boy claimed Fish Child's primary contribution was his discovery of a medicine for stimulating an exhausted horse. Lazy Boy credited Wolf Calf with originating the use of horse medicine for influencing the actions of race horses. Fish Child transferred horse medicine to Boy (born ca. 1848), the Gros Ventres brought up by a Piegan chief. Boy dreamed of a whip and a rope. These sacred articles were added to the leader's bundle and have been employed in the horse dance ceremony ever since.

Night Gun mentioned no other Piegan who made any significant contribution to the elaboration of the sacred paraphernalia, ritual, or medicinal practices of Piegan horse medicine men. He was familiar with the history of some of the transfers of this power among the Piegan. Fish Child transferred some of his power to Stingy, the blind man renowned as a breeder of horses, who in turn transferred at least a part of his paraphernalia, "the double whip," to Eagle Child, who died near Starr School in 1941. Fish Child also transferred some of his power to White Grass, a band chief. In his last illness Fish Child gave his power to his son, Black Coyote (born ca. 1831). Weasel Head (who died in 1943) received some horse medicine from Boy.

Tracing the transfers from Wolf Calf since the time of his exchange of medicines with Fish Child, Night Gun told of at least one occasion on which Wolf Calf aided White Quiver, the most successful of all Piegan horse raiders, by giving him one of the plumes from his bundle and explaining how it could be used to bring stormy weather when White Quiver approached an enemy camp to capture horses. Wolf Calf also gave some medicine and a plume to Iron Shield. Little Plume received some of Wolf Calf's medicine, and shortly before his death gave it to his brother, Yellow Kidney (still living). The gift included two horse medicine songs.

Night Gun said his grandfather, Wolf Calf, carefully taught him the songs and ritual of the horse dance and the uses of some horse medicines. Wolf Calf intended for Night Gun to be his successor as leader of the cult. However, when Wolf Calf died, his son White Antelope (born ca. 1860) claimed the sacred horse medicine bundle. There was an argument and Mike Short Man and White Antelope split the bundle. White Antelope lost interest in horse medicine, but noted that Phillip Arrowtop was becoming interested in it. On his death White Antelope left the bundle to Wallace Night Gun with the provision that Phillip Arrowtop (still living) should be given some of the paraphernalia and medicines. This was done. When Mike-

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

on the way home and that none of their horse's feet would be harmed by rocks. He gave it to one of the sick men and told him to take it to a stream on leaving the house, pray to it, and throw it into deep water. Then the tongue soup was distributed to all those present. Having consumed it, they went home.

In many respects the horse dance may be regarded as a typical Blackfoot ceremony. Wissler (1912 a, pp. 248–271) has pointed out that singing, drumming, dancing with sacred paraphernalia, praying, the passing of the pipe, face painting, the recognition of taboos, and the following of strictly formalized and prolonged ritual patterns were common characteristics of Blackfoot bundle ceremonies. Even the employment of dry-painted altars appeared in other important bundle ceremonies (ibid., pp. 255–257). R. N. Wilson (1909, pp. 16–20) in his detailed description of the use of a dry-painted altar in the Sun Dance ritual, noted that this altar was destroyed before the medicine woman's party left her lodge. In that painting black symbolized night, and yellow day.[89]

Aside from the horse symbolism characteristic of the horse dance, the most distinctive feature appears to be the repeated and consistent employment of the ritual number 3. To my knowledge this is the only Blackfoot ceremony in which that ritual number occurs. In fact Wissler regarded 4 as the ritual number of all Blackfoot ceremonies, including the horse dance (Wissler, 1912 a, pp. 110, 247). In this detail his account of the ceremony is in error.

USES OF HORSE MEDICINE

The powers of Blackfoot horse medicine men, as explained by informants, were many and varied. Not only were they credited with the ability to control the health and actions of horses but they were thought to have been able to influence the movements of buffalo and to cure and aid the activities of humans.

Horse medicine was most commonly employed in the treatment of sick, injured, wounded, or exhausted horses. Curing of sick horses generally involved the administration of medicine by nose or mouth as a part of the ritual. Owners of valuable horses generally entrusted their treatment to experienced horse medicine men when these animals were ill. The medicine men were paid for their services.

Three Calf recalled that Wolf Calf frequently was called upon to doctor horses that were staggering and near death. Wolf Calf rubbed his medicine on the horse's nose, back, and kidneys, then shook its tail four (three?) times. If the horse made no move Wolf Calf told the owner there was no hope for it. If it moved it would get well.

[89] Wissler (1912 a, p. 237), has pointed out the occurrence of dry painting among the Dakota, Cheyenne, and Arapaho of the Plains, as well as among the Southwestern tribes.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Wallace Night Gun said Wolf Calf mixed his medicine with sage for use in doctoring horses. Lazy Boy recalled that Wolf Calf was especially successful in treating horses with colic or distemper. Three Calf had observed Wolf Calf's methods in treating distemper. He first told a young man to throw the afflicted horse down. Then the old man placed a slim wire in a fire until it became red hot and touched it to the horse's nose. Meanwhile his medicine was boiling. He threw the horse's head back and poured the medicine down its nose. When the horse was turned loose it sneezed, pus ran from its nose, and it recovered.

Wolf Calf did not attempt to treat horses with broken bones. However, Calf Tail, a Blood horse medicine man was a specialist in that treatment. Weasel Tail recalled that Calf Tail once was called upon to doctor a fine horse with a broken leg. He asked the owner to bring him the shank of a buffalo or horse. After receiving the shank, Calf Tail sang a song and rubbed dirt on it. Then he tied the shank to the horse's broken leg and told the boy not to bother it for four (three?) days. At the end of that period Calf Tail washed the horse's leg and the bone tied to it. He untied the bone and rubbed dirt on it. The horse rose and walked away "without even a limp."

Weasel Tail recalled two instances of the curing of battle wounds by horse medicine men:

> Yellow Lodge, a North Blackfoot horse medicine man, rode his horse through the lines of the Cree enemy three times. The Cree shot and wounded the horse in the chest. After the battle Yellow Lodge dismounted, burned some sage, making a great deal of smoke, rubbed some horse medicine on the horse's mouth, then rubbed some on both sides of the wound where the bullet had entered and left the horse's body. Then he rubbed medicine on his hands and slowly tapped the horse on the kidneys four (three?) times. Each time the animal appeared to improve. The last time it pulled away from its rope and began eating grass. The horse recovered completely.
>
> Many-Spotted-Horses had a fine animal, Double-Blue-Horse, shot above the kidneys in a battle with the Gros Ventres. Many-Spotted-Horses got the horse home alive. His old father went to the horse and said to it, "You are a fine horse, but I am more powerful than you. It looks like you are going to die, but you will not die. I shall doctor you." The old man painted the horse's breast with red earth paint. He tied a plume to the horse's forehead and a rabbit's tail to its tail. Then he rubbed his horse medicine on the horse's nose. Next he rubbed the medicine on his hands and tapped the horse four (three?) times on the back. The horse was cured and lived many years longer.

Despite the miraculous powers credited to horse medicine men, informants agreed they were powerless to avert the disastrous mange epidemic of 1881–82. Horse medicine men did not employ their secret powers to facilitate or condition the breeding of horses.

Probably the second most common use of horse medicine was in doctoring humans. The procedure employed has been described in my detailed account of the horse dance (pp. 264–270).

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Horse medicine was employed by some specialists to influence the outcome of horse races. The medicine was always used to handicap one of the competing horses, never to give a favored horse unusual speed or stamina. This use of horse medicine was always dangerous to the horse medicine man. If the owner of a horse that had lost a race learned that horse medicine had been used against his animal he might punish the medicine man severely if he learned his identity. Yet Wolf Calf, Generous Woman, Ghost Woman, and Head Carrier, the latter a North Piegan, were well known as persons who were notably successful in handicapping race horses through their horse medicine powers. Night Gun said that if the owner of a race horse came to Wolf Calf and asked him to use his medicine against his opponent's horse, Wolf Calf painted a rock with his medicine, prepared the ceremonial altar and placed his rawhide horse upon it. He asked the man, "What do you want to happen to the other horse? Do you want it to fly the track, buck, or kick up?" If the man wished the horse to fly the track, Wolf Calf placed the rock on the rawhide horse's head before continuing his ritual. If he wished it to buck, he placed it on the horse's shoulders; if he wanted it to run a short distance, kick up, and refuse to run, he put the rock on the horse's hind legs. Wolf Calf might also give the jockey of the horse belonging to the man he was helping a willow stick with horse medicine on it, with instructions to touch the other horse with this stick when he was alongside it in the race to make that horse drop behind. If the other horse gained the lead the jockey was to drop the stick in its tracks and that horse would surely falter. Informants credited both Head Carrier and Ghost Woman with use of the medicine-covered-stick method of influencing horse races.

Wolf Calf also was able to assist contestants in other sports. If a young man came to him for help in playing the hoop and pole game, Wolf Calf told him to shout a certain phrase when he cast his pole. His opponent's pole would be sure to strike the ground and break. Wolf Calf gave a foot racer who sought his aid some of his medicine and told him to chew it, rub it on his feet just before the race, always run to the right of his opponent, and he surely would win.

Horse medicine had a number of important uses in war. Wolf Calf sometimes was petitioned to help a young warrior in horse raiding. If Wolf Calf accepted the man's pipe and gift when offered, he gave him a plume from the ceremonial altar and explained, "If you can't get near the enemies' horses take this dirt (from the ceremonial altar) and mix it with water. Dip the plume in the mixture. It will rain, the enemy will stay inside their lodges and you will have no trouble taking their horses." Or he would give the man some plant medicine and tell him to rub it on his rope just before entering the

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

enemy camp. "The enemy's horse will come right up to you and you can rope it." He might offer further help, stating, "If the horse you have taken plays out on the way back, or the horse of someone else in your party plays out, dismount, sing these songs I give you, take some of this medicine I give you and rub it on the horse's nose or teeth or place it in its mouth. Then go around to the rear of the horse, tap it on the tail bone three times, with the medicine rubbed on your hand. The exhausted horse will perk up and move along." Wolf Calf expected that the recipient of such favors would give him the best horse he stole from the enemy on his return. If the man did not use all the medicine he received, Wolf Calf told him to keep it and use it as long as any remained.

In a running fight, a man who possessed horse medicine might rub some of it on his whip, point the whip at his enemy, and drop it in the tracks of the enemy's horse. "That horse was sure to falter or fall."

Fish Child, Calf Tail, and Ghost Woman also were said to have employed horse medicine for war purposes. Ghost Woman gave it to her son to rub on his rope and body when on horse raids. She is also credited with having escaped capture by the enemy through the use of her medicine. One day she was traveling alone when an enemy party surprised her. She sang a song, took some medicine from a pouch at the side of her dress, threw it on the ground, and the enemy was unable to overtake her. However, the most miraculous escape is credited to the Blood horse medicine man, Owner-of-a-Sacred-White-Horse. Once he was chased by the enemy. He employed his medicine to enable his mount to leap a wide, washed out coulee (estimated by various informants at from 10 to 40 feet across) and escaped death at the hands of a superior force.

Some men were credited with power to use horse medicine in hunting buffalo. Short Face cited the case of Black Plume, a member of a hunting party which sighted a white buffalo but could not catch it. He asked the party to stop while he took a piece of black root, laid it on a rock, and placed the rock on one of the footprints of the white buffalo. That buffalo slackened its speed. Black Plume remounted, caught up with the buffalo, and killed it. The white robe was dressed and given to the sun. Black Plume was a medicine pipe man rather than a horse medicine man. Wissler's informant may have had this case in mind when he stated that medicine pipe men could use horse medicine in hunting buffalo (Wissler, 1912 a, p. 111).

In winter, when the footing was snowy or icy so as to make buffalo hunting on horseback treacherous, one who had the power sang his medicine songs and prayed that the horses of his party would not fall. He took a black root, chewed it, and sprinkled it on the horses

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

of his party. Then they could chase buffalo without mishap, no matter how bad the footing.

A man who possessed horse medicine for use in catching wild horses rubbed it on his hands, feet, and rope. Then he circled the wild horse up wind so that the odor of the medicine would be carried to the nostrils of the wild one. When the wild horse smelled the medicine it came to him. He roped it by the front feet and threw it down. Only horse medicine men were said to have had success in capturing wild horses. Apparently few of them exercised this power.

To keep a horse that had a tendency to stray in its proper herd, one who possessed horse medicine might neck it together with a gentle horse, and rub horse medicine on its nose. After a time it was untied and permitted to graze unfettered. "It would never stray again."

Lazy Boy mentioned one more use of horse medicine. If a horse medicine man became jealous of another Indian's fine horse he might employ his medicine to render that horse "no good for buffalo hunting, war or anything else."[99]

TABOOS RECOGNIZED BY HORSE MEDICINE MEN

Wallace Night Gun said that Wolf Calf had been warned in his dreams of a number of actions he should avoid and which should be avoided in his presence. These taboos have been recognized by Piegan horse medicine men since Wolf Calf's time.

Ribbones or shinbones must not be broken in the horse medicine man's lodge or home. Any one who ignored this taboo would suffer a broken leg or rib.

If anyone places a knife or other sharp object upright in the ground inside a lodge when a horse medicine man is present he will surely get a sliver in one of his feet or one of his horses will suffer a foot injury.

No child should play at riding a wooden stick horse in a lodge while a horse medicine man is present, or the child will suffer misfortune.

If a horse medicine man should go into any home and see a child carelessly throwing a feather around, he must tell him to stop it at once or the family will surely have bad luck.

For anyone to sing any of the horse dance songs or to imitate the gestures of the horse dance except in their proper ceremonial context would bring misfortune to him. The only exception to this rule applied to owners of medicine pipe bundles who had been given horse medicine songs which could be sung in the medicine pipe ritual. The Blackfoot considered some horse medicine songs very attractive.

[99] Wissler (1913 a, pp. 106–111) mentioned Blackfoot use of horse medicine to cure horses of the colic, revive exhausted horses, cause a horse to lose a horse race, capture enemy horses, catch wild horses and to hunt buffalo.

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

old chiefs tend to confine themselves to looking after the interests of a particular group. Such a conflict probably lies behind the complaint that chiefs have refused to mediate in behalf of various individuals. Such a person may have felt himself allied to a given chief yet this affiliation may have been unrecognized by the chief in question.

Popular reaction to this general confusion casts blame on both the chiefs and the agent. Some declared the chiefs to be hypocritical, since despite much fine talk about benefits for the reserve little is accomplished. With this idea in mind, a young man commented, "They do not keep their promises." Another informant declared that because a chief did not realize his programme, he was no longer *ustuisanaps*, i.e., a person to be respected. Others believe that some chiefs are senile, too yielding to agency pressure, or have assumed office merely to show off. For instance, an attempt to confront the agent with a united front resulted as follows:

> Before the council meeting I invited the chiefs for tea to my house, and we tried to agree on what to say. Then we went to the meeting at the agency. The question was whether the tribe would build from its own funds a house on the reserve for the Mounted Police. At the meeting some chiefs changed their minds and said things they had agreed not to say. If all had agreed, it would have been impossible to build a house for the Police. I said, "No, it's O.K. for the police to live in Gleichen where they are now. There it is no expense to us." One of the chiefs got up and said, "[the informant] doesn't want it but I say you can build the house for the Mounties." At first the other chiefs sided with me, but later all changed their minds. I do not know why. I never changed my mind. If I did, the other chiefs would never take my word because I would be one of those who changed his mind every moment.

Here runs also a type of name calling, of which the chiefs are well aware and which survives from buffalo days.

Indeed, because of the bitterness of much of this criticism, some persons have withdrawn their names from the list of candidates for election. The feeling exists that by becoming a chief, one exposes oneself to harsh words. It is still believed that some important people who say harsh words are able to influence events through their greater supernatural power which makes words come true. A chief speaking of his election said:

> I had lots of horses and cattle. From then on I helped out the people, and they told me to become a chief. Then I said, "I do not like to be treated like a chief, because if I am elected chief, I shall have lots of enemies. You will have to be good to me if I am to be a chief."

824 like a religious bundle. One informant, who owned a Weasel-tailed suit,
796 said that the black tip of the weasel's tail represented a creeping juniper
[237] berry that had become attached.
[292]

ALPINE FIR

824 Abies lasiocarpa (Hook) Nutt
783
782 Katoy-yis, the Blackfoot "sweet pine"——that is, alpine fir (Fig. 19)——
was used an incense, primarily in association with the Medicine Pipe bundles.
[276] This was because pipes had been given by Thunder. Similarly, a smudge of
[773] alpine-fir needles was made, for safety's sake during severe thunderstorms.
[789] For the benefit of the reader and student we have included a list of medicine
[824] pipe bundles with which the use of this plant is required as incense:
778
783
824

Long Time Pipe

Riding Pipe

Gros Ventre Pipe

Cree Pipe

Mandan Pipe

Opposite Direction Pipe

Arapahoe Pipe

Childrens Pipe

Short Pipe

Small Pipe

Red Covered Pipe

Shaggy Covered Pipe

White Mans Pipe

Sarsi Pipe

Numerous unnamed medicine pipe bundles

000 We have found fir needles in the initiation bundles of the Horn Society.

LIST OF BUNDLES AND RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS

ASSOCIATED WITH THE USE OF SWEET GRASS

778
824 INDEPENDENT BUNDLES

Bear Knife bundles

Beaver bundles

Big Smoke ceremony bundles

Birth Control bundles

[524] → Thunder Bands

[292] ← Ceremonial headdresses

[541] → Medicine hats (straight-ups)

Round Dance headdress

Half-white headdress

Half-red headdress

[411] → Split-horn headdress

Bear Medicine hat

Snake Horn headdress

[292] ← Ceremonial robes

Weasel-tail robe

● [789] → Calf robe

Hairlock robe

[292] ← Ceremonial shirts

Weasel-tailed shirts (suits)

Hairlock shirts

Lord's shirt

War shirt

Ghost shirt

Thunder shirt

Deer Dance bundles

Black-tailed Deer Dance bundle

Ghost Dance bundles

Holy Hand Game bundles

Horse bundles

War bridle bundles

Mask bundles

Quirt bundles

Medicine bundles

Lances

Medicine lance

Bear spear

Name-giving bundles

Natoas bundles

Personal charms

Umbilical cord amulets

Otter bundles

Rattling Smoking Otter bundle

Personal war-charm bundles

Riding Big Dance bundles

Scalp Dance bundles

Buffalo Runner bundles

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

The ceremony within the enclosure is chiefly that of the transfer.[1] For this four days and nights were required. The incoming members were required to abstain from sleep during this entire period. During the night they often paraded about the camps, occasionally shouting. A curious thing is that during this period they are forbidden to scratch themselves with the fingers but are given scratching sticks. Should they use the fingers they will become scabby and vermin-infested like the kit-fox. At no time must fox hair be burned in a member's tipi and no rabbit meat cooked at his fireplace. McClintock states that members were not permitted to kill or trap the kit-fox.[1] According to Grinnell, "if they were at war in summer and wanted a storm to come up, they would take some dirt and water and rub it on the kit-fox skin, and this would cause a rain-storm to come up. In winter, snow and dirt would be rubbed on the skin and this would bring up a snow-storm."[2]

Unlike the horns, the wives were not members; but they were painted by the former members in the manner described for the horns, to give them the power to care for and handle their husbands' regalia. We obtained no account of this ceremony, further than the belief that it was identical with that of the horn society (p. 410). The notion that the women were not members may, of course, be but a difference in point of view, since their functions in the kit-fox seem to have been about the same as in the horns.[3]

In closing, it may be noted that we find a tradition that the kit-fox as here described was the result of an ancient union between two other societies. What these were, we did not learn. Big-brave says he saw the last kit-fox dance some fifty years ago, but that for many years several of the lances were kept and transferred as other bundles. The lances and headdress were often carried to war as individual war bundles. In former times, only members were permitted to touch the lances or any other part of the regalia.

THE CATCHERS.

The organization of this society is as follows:—

Leaders (2)	Catchers (x)
Pipe men (2)	Drummers (4)
Tomahawk men (2)	Women members (x)

[1] McClintock, 446.

[2] Grinnell, 262.

[3] Bear-skin and Big-brave state that the horn and kit-fox societies were the same in most respects. Their lances were alike, the women were "painted" the same way, but what is more to the point, the kit-fox songs are sung in the horn ceremonies.

Maximilian (German ed. 577) notes both the kit-fox and the horns, giving the hooked staff as the emblem of the former and asserting that the latter wear "thin horns."

A. [See Category 116, p. 401--Analyst]

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NP6 Blackfoot NP6

561 575 796 432 vir, autem pipam prope mulieris caput collocat, at, tunica eius alrepta, libidini dat laxas habenas.[A] Our informant states that this white lance owner is usually jealous of his wife for obvious causes and is not likely to get on well with her.

[833] 561 575 The following is an extract from Mr. Duvall's notes:—

A—— is an old man about seventy-five years old and quite absent-minded so that [114] his narrative is somewhat disconnected. Once during the talk the clock in my house began to strike. He paused and when it stopped, prayed to it for help in obtaining [115] food.

This man is a Piegan but once married a Blood woman and lived with that division for a time. Thus he came to be taken into the horn society. He did not care to join, but one day a horn member came to his tipi, circled it, and then came in. [784] He said that he had come to take me into the horns. "You cannot refuse for I have [302] circled your tipi," he said. This meant that bad luck would be his portion, if he refused. Hence, our informant became a member. He was conducted to the meet- [237] ing place and painted entire with the "seventh paint." A black circle was marked around his face. The women, by the way, wear seven plumes in their hair.

[784] It is very dangerous even to talk about the society. Once in a dance two mem- bers fell down; they died in a short time. Our informant once killed a buffalo by the [789] power of the horns. In chasing a herd of buffalo, he began to fall behind. Then he rode back and forth across their trail four times, whipped the ground and shouted. Setting out again he saw a fat cow, down but still kicking. At another time he used [754] the same formula to cause a rider's horse to fall. Again at a horse race between some Piegan and Flathead Indians, he spat four times upon a stone and placed it in the hoof print of the opposing racer, which soon became lame.

When a horn member wishes to kill a person, he sharpens one end of a small stick, [784] paints it red, names the victim and casts the stick into the fire. Once when the horns were assembled, a man came in and denounced them vigorously. No one said anything in reply, but within four days the defamer took sick and died. Thus it is dangerous to speak evil of them. Even white men fear them.

561 575 796 432 Our informant's wife did not join the horns because she was blind. The society, had both day and night ceremonies. The latter was spoken of as, "sending them out," the women being sent out to be painted by the retiring members. On the evening for this ceremony, orders are sent out for everybody to remain indoors as the horns are about to send out their wives to be painted. The people fear them and obey: [784] should anyone go out, he will meet with grave misfortune.

Once while the horns were marching around, they entered a tipi but the leader, seeing that he must pass in front of a medicine-pipe man, paused. The others told him to go on as the power of the horns was much greater. So they all passed in front of him.

In the painting ceremony the wives are usually sent out in charge of a third man [431] to conduct them to the ceremonial father. This conductor is expected to make the woman fine presents; hence one seldom wants to perform this service, but does it only by compulsion. The woman will afterward treat her conductor in a familiar manner, she may sit by him and wait upon him, occasionally "scratch his head," and her husband can say nothing.

[302] In the painting ceremony the husbands are assembled in the meeting place and wait there while their wives are conducted to the respective fathers' tipis. The father

A. [See p. 416-A for a translation--Analyst]
A

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

He brought it from the Crow where he lived some twelve years. He knew that it came from the seven stars. The Crow gave him some seeds of a small plant with a song, which gave him a membership. After a time he dreamed of six dwarfs and they gave him power to get horses, property, food, and long life. Since that time he has always had abundance. When he came back to the Piegan, he sold or transferred to Curly-bear some of his power and since that time the latter has prospered. He claims that all of the members are prosperous. When a member is taken in he is given the skin of an otter, blackbird, weasel, beaver, or something with a song. These songs must have been dreamed by some of the members. Women can be taken in alone, but if married, both husband and wife must join; likewise when a man joins, his wife must enter. A man joins by calling upon a member, making him gifts and asking him for some of the Crow-water power. These gifts are supposed to be many quilts, horses, etc. Each member gives him some object and an associated song.

The members receiving the gifts must divide them among other members as far as they will go, one thing for each. Each one receiving a horse must contribute some object, a song and some power, the others are free to choose. Thus, the highest price paid for membership brings the most medicines. The objects are placed in a bundle which becomes the new member's individual medicine. They are not treated as most medicine bundles, but may be opened at any time.

In the ceremonies the women usually do the dancing. The men seldom dance but do the singing. The women do not sing when they are dancing. There are no regular times for meetings, but it is usual to hold them every Sunday and at the time of the new moon. Ceremonies are held in compliance with vows of outsiders or members as with other medicines, but they may meet on any occasion. The number of members is not limited in any way. None of the proceedings are secret. Everybody may look in, but only members can come inside of the tipi or ceremonial circle.

The members usually paint their faces yellow, with red bars across the mouth and forehead. A rectangle of red is also made upon the backs of the hands. A few plumes and feathers are worn on the head. There are no other regalia, the chief things being the individual bundles of the members.

The taboos observed by bundle owners are also in evidence. Neither marrow nor bones may be placed in the fire or the owner's horse will have his leg broken. Lodge pins must not be put in the fire or the owner will have a tumor (?); nor must iron be put in the fire and allowed to become red hot, or the owner's teeth will fall out. If lodge poles are burnt up, horses will die. The owner must not touch moccasins while smoking; he will have a scabby mouth. Moccasins placed under the bed will bring bad luck. When dancing and smoking, if one should pass in front of him, the smoker goes blind. He must not lend a blanket to another as this will bring bad results.

The medicine formula or power may be used as follows: — If a member wishes a horse, he calls in other members and sings the songs and offers prayers. It is believed that one so doing will soon be called upon for some service and receive a horse as a fee. Other wishes may be gratified in the same way. An outsider desiring anything may formally announce that he provides food and presents for a meeting. Then members assemble and hold a meeting. This is usual in sickness. Vows to provide the feast may be made as in case of medicine bundles.[1]

[1] Vol. 7, 148, 172.

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NP6 Blackfoot NP6

wife are given some clothing. In all, four sweat houses must be made but there is no rule as to the interval between the making of each sweat house, it being merely a matter of convenience. After the fourth sweat house and dance, the new member and his wife go to the dance taking with them blankets, calico, and probably eight horses to be given as a fee to the father. The grandfather has first choice of the horses and the rest of the things are divided among the members. Then all the members spread open their bundles and the new member may choose one object from each bundle. With each object he is given a song. If at any time the new member should visit his grandfather, he must give him a present. 794 432

Women as well as men are taken into this society, some unmarried women being members. During the dance, if there is a large attendance, each member sings only three or four of his songs, as it would take too long for everyone to sing all his songs.

Members of the society recognise the following taboos: bones must not be heated inside of a member's tipi; meat must not be cut in a kettle, nor must a knife be used to stir food while it is cooking; the picket pins must never be burned, should one be burned horses will be lost. When a member dreams of some new thing to be made up, he goes to his grandfather to do so and pays him for it. After the new medicine has been made up, he tells the others about it. 794 [784] [787]

The different medicine objects in the bundles are: mink, muskrat, otter belt, weasel, blackbird, sparrows, night hawks, beaver, magpies, snow birds, a wooden hand, a whistle, robins, and other birds. [778]

The power of this society consists in causing its members to become wealthy. Also, when the members pray, it cures the sick. [789]

Before Owl-top joined this society an old woman, who came from the Crow, gave him a yellow shirt, a yellow robe, and a riding whip for which he gave her two horses and other things. The shirt, robe, and riding whip belong to the Crow-water medicine society. The old woman told him that some time one of his mares would have a pinto colt, and that whenever this happened, he would have many differently colored horses. Long after she told him this, he dreamed four times of many differently colored horses. Then he believed what she had told him. Now, it has been some time since the old woman told him about this pinto colt, and none of his mares have ever born such a colt, but his son-in-law's mares have had two pinto colts. He believes these are the colts the old woman prophesied about and thinks that now his horses will begin to increase. This society came from the Crow, but it is not known how the Crow got it. [756] [177]

We previously published two origin myths for the crow-water formula, one of which was evidently devised from the beaver bundle cycle.[1] In both, however, the Crow origin of the society is emphatically announced. Since Dr. R. H. Lowie, who has made a thorough study of the Crow, finds no similar society among them, some discussion seems necessary. The fact that two individuals contributed to the society seems to favor the existence of some parent ceremony among the Crow. On the other hand, the bundles and procedures of the society are typically Blackfoot, the only distinguishing characteristic as such, being the grouping of bundle owners into an organiza- 794 177 174 [171]

[1] Vol. 2, 77, 80.

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

794 177 174 tion. In a previous paper we discussed the ceremonial system of the Blackfoot, calling attention to the existence of a great stimulus to produce new bundles and rituals. From what we know of Blackfoot life, the most probable thing is that the founders of this society took a suggestion from Crow culture, by which they constructed a new ceremony. According to Dr. Lowie's Crow data, it seems that the most likely characteristic to impress a Blackfoot visiting the Crow would be the society organization in the tobacco ceremonies, since that feature is decidedly in contrast to the Blackfoot system of individually owned bundles. Hence, it seems a reasonable hypothesis that the founder (Iron) grasped the notion of a society organized on lines similar to the tobacco societies of the Crow. As previously noted, we fail to find any definite common inter-tribal elements, except the suggestion of the name and some mention of tobacco seeds. As to the name—the designation of this society as the Crow-beaver may have been due to the tobacco function of a beaver bundle owner presenting the only true Blackfoot analogy to the Crow tobacco society. Some of the Piegan members of this society had in their bundles small buckskin bags containing tobacco seeds which they said came from the Crow. These were not planted but used as ceremonial objects. We found no evidence of any member planting tobacco or that any considerable number of members possessed such tobacco. On the other hand, some members did dream of the "dwarfs"[1] who play an important part in the beaver bundle ritual, but they also had dreams of other mythical creatures. It seems then, that while there is some basis for the hypothesis that the name Crow-water society is the Blackfoot rendering of the Crow tobacco society and that the gross organization of each is similar, there the resemblances cease. The hypothetical character of the foregoing should be noted. It seems a reasonable assumption that the Blackfoot enthusiasts who promoted the new society, gave it its overwhelming Blackfoot character, perhaps in spite of the wishes of the founders

The Black-Tailed Deer Dance.

794 [789] [787] [177] This cult flourishes among the Piegan. The chief function of the cult is to make the capture of the deer easy, since members usually have dream revelations as to the whereabouts of deer. One member told us that in his dreams three catholic nuns always appeared and gave the information It is certain that the whole ceremony was recently introduced from the Kootenai, some of the charter members being still among the living

[1] Vol. 7, 200.

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

The regalia consist of a string of deer ankle bones painted red to symbolize the deer, or that the bearer "holding these bones is likewise holding the feet of the deer." When hunting they may wear on the head a pair of rabbit ears, painted yellow, to give speed and endurance. In the members' individual bundles are also weasel and other skins for which there are special songs.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the ritual is the use of hypnotic power. There are four special songs for working this charm. In our collection of myths concerning this cult, we gave the narrative of a Piegan who came under the power of these songs.[1] Thus, it is said that a member painting his face yellow, taking up one of the skins and binding it on the head can hypnotize a person by looking in his eyes steadily and then making a sudden upward movement with the hands. After a time the operator wakes the subject, after which he is an undoubting follower of the cult.

We learn from Professor A. F. Chamberlain that the Kootenai have a black-tailed deer dance but for want of full published data cannot go into a comparative discussion. Naturally, the Blackfoot have the transfer and bundle conceptions concerning this ceremony as with other organizations.

Mr. Duvall secured a good account of the cult from Tailen Ashley, a mixed-blood Piegan, who introduced it among his people:—

The dance is ceremonial and was introduced from the Kootenai. Those who do not believe in the dance and ridicule it, are thrown into a trance by those who have the power, and are then awakened and become followers. Each man and woman member has a song of his or her own and some have more. The songs are bought from members and a horse or other property paid for them. Sometimes new songs are dreamed.

The dance is held in the evening, generally lasting through the night. Sometimes it is held four nights in succession. It may be given at any time, and is sometimes given the night before hunting, when it is usually dreamed where the game will be found. Sometimes a vow is made to give the dance for a sick relative. About midnight a feast is made. When the dance is given for a sick person all the dancers pray for him. If the members do not wish to dance they must remain standing to show their respect to the rest of the dancers.

At the beginning of the dance a smudge of sweetgrass is made near the rear of the house or tipi. The leader holds both hands over the smudge, places his hands near his ears, one hand on top of his head, his right hand over his heart, over his mouth and nose, and then takes his place. All the members repeat the same movements. The leader rises and stands in the center of the floor, and all the members stand around him facing the center. He shakes a bunch of deer hoofs, and prays. Then he dances in place, then turns and dances around to his right, the others following him in single file, jumping up and down to represent deer. He stops, prays, and then dances as before. Then the man next to him takes his place and goes

[1] Vol. 2, 188.

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

794 796 535 through the same performance. While dancing they all sing and some carry bells to keep time. Others hold both hands on their breasts as in the stick game. No drums are used. It is thought that the more the dancers exert themselves during the dance the better will be the result of their prayers.

[534] [925] Some members have hypnotic power. The prayers are for food, success in all undertakings, and protection against death. They pray to those who have given them power or songs in their dreams.

● [789] The origin of the dance is given in the following:—

794 173 787 A man had been ill for a long time and was not expected to recover. One time, while still ill, those around him heard him try to sing and raise himself. He supported himself on a post, meanwhile humming. Then he returned to his bed, and said, "I have had a dream. A deer came to me and said, 'I have come to help you. I have taken pity on you. You see yonder hill. I will lead you to the top of it. Hold my windpipe, but if you pull my windpipe in two before we reach the top, you will die. If not, you will get well.' We went up the hill very slowly. When we reached the top, the deer said, 'There are four deer on yonder ridge which I will give you. When you kill them take out the windpipe and lungs of one of them as you see mine now. Be careful and do not cut them in two. Take them home and cook them and give a dance and eat them and you will be well.' That is why I got out of bed and held on to the post. I thought it was the deer." Then he said to the two men, "Go to yonder ridge and kill the four deer there. Butcher one of them as I was told in the dream and bring it to me." They returned with the deer. That night they held a dance, the black-tailed deer dance.

794 [224] [789] [796] [233] [824] [302] Before hunting, a deer dance is held, so they may dream where the game will be found. Sometimes the leader dances, holding a post with both hands with bells, deer hoofs or claws in one hand, and a handkerchief or skin in the other. Anyone who believes in the dance may join whether he has songs or not. Some of the regalia for the dance are: rabbit ears, deer claws and hoofs, feathers, plumes, mink skins, otterskins, sleigh bells, and deer tails, also weasel skins, owl and other feathers. Juniper is more frequently used for the smudge than sweetgrass. The members paint in red or yellow with a stripe across the forehead and one across the chin.

794 789 224 [784] Some members have power to give ill luck and to charm game. When game is killed by the members, they must not cut into the windpipe, nor give the heart to the dogs. The head of deer must not be used by anyone as food, nor must children be allowed to play with it or the hoofs. The reason that these taboos must be kept is that the member may be able to charm game. When they wish to go out to hunt, they set up a stick covered with cloth about twelve inches long at the rear of the tipi and make a smudge of juniper back of it. The men sing, but must not pass between the stick and the fireplace.

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

794 769 773 173 539 ghosts to the place and said, "Let us all have a dance for four nights and restore this man's life to him." They agreed, and after four nights, the man came to life again and saw the ghosts, how they painted their faces, and how they dressed. One of the ghosts said to him, "We will give you this dance. When anyone is sick or about to die, have a dance, and he will recover." The man returned to his home. After some time someone was very ill. This man gave the ghost dance, and taught it to the people.

794 769 302 The dancers paint to represent skeletons, so it is said. The face and exposed parts of the body are painted white, while around the mouth and each eye is a bold circle of black or red. The effect is quite hideous.

794 769 778 237 824 531 276 532

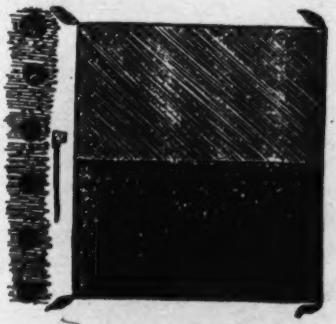


Fig. 28. Smudge Altar for the Ghost Dance. Drawn by Big-brave. The altar is about one foot square, the north half red, the south half black. Red and black plumes respectively are stuck up at the corners. At the west is a row of buffalo chips covered with sage grass. Between these and the altar lies the pipe used in the ceremony. Sweetgrass is used on the altar and the tongs should lie on the north side.

794 769 [292] [796] There are no particular regalia except a plume on the head, nor are there any bundles. The ceremony has, however, its own peculiar ritual and songs. Women dance with the men.

A dance rarely occurs unless some man makes a vow or formal pledge to provide a feast and dance for the dead in return for some expected or realised good fortune. At the ceremony his wife sits near the door and takes the name of Yellow-woman. She paints her hair yellow and her face red with a yellow band across the forehead. On her head, she wears a plume. A great abundance of food is expected.

794 769 796 535 [789] [302] [779] The smudge altar is a large oval with the incense hearth at one end. At the other is placed a small pipe and four plumes. According to Big-brave the altar was square, Fig. 28. One member is delegated to attend to

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

the pipe. At the close of each dance he fills the pipe and hands it to the leader after which it circulates. As soon as it is burned out the dancing is resumed. There are four periods of dancing. The evolutions consist of dancing, alternately facing the fire and the walls, twice for each. Then all sit down, save the leader who takes the pipe and prays. Then he sits down and smokes. In starting a dance all rise to their knees, making movements as in playing the stick game, where with four movements they rise to their feet. 794 769 796 535

During the ceremonies no one must laugh nor must anyone spit. No dead person should be designated by name. [784] [551]

A special ceremony was sometimes given by two members. They did not use the regular painting but dressed in fine clothes and danced with ropes and whips. This was believed to bring good luck in capturing horses. [789]

The All-Smoking Ceremony.

We come now to a ceremony that goes by the name kanochisisin, or all-smoking ceremony. It is not clear whether this is a cult or simply a group ceremony like the sun dance. The right to lead in the proceedings seems to be owned by one individual and may be transferred like other ritualistic things. Thus it is said, "If the man who leads in the ceremony is pleased with the presents he receives, he may transfer the right to lead to one pledging the ceremony." 794 [424] [432]

The distinguishing feature of the ceremony is that it is a kind of medicine coup counting. Like warriors recounting their deeds, those present are called upon to count over the different medicine rituals they have owned and all fired with new enthusiasm to secure more. In conformity to a vow or formal pledge a man will invite people to his tipi for an evening feast. He will engage a man with the right to lead to conduct the all-smoking ceremony. He will have ready a pot of tongues and berry soup; also a quantity of tobacco cut and mixed. The meeting is to last until this is used up. Each guest is called upon in turn to sing songs from one of the rituals of medicines owned by him. So they pass around in order. The process is thus a kind of counting out in that the last men are those who have owned the most medicines. [554] 794 796 554

The following account was secured by Mr. Duvall:—

When a man vows to give the all-smoking ceremony he invites many men to his tipi and calls upon someone who has the privilege to lead the ceremony. A fee is paid in blankets or clothing. First the man giving the feast makes a soup of tongues, cherries, and blood. Before the tongues are cut up by the women, prayers are said [782] 794 796

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

535 Long before the Piegan had the grass dance, thirty-five or forty years ago, some
173 of the regalia, the war-bonnet, tomahawk, two dancing whips, feather tail belt, and
177 a drum were captured from the Sioux and Assiniboine. A Piegan war party went
among the Sioux and found the body of a Sioux tied up in a tree with a large drum
[721] near it. The Piegan took the drum and used the leather head for the soles of moccasins.

Some years later the Piegan met the Crow who told them that the regalia they had captured were used in the grass dance. They also taught them the dance. Later, Bob-tail-horse, who had stolen the drum from the Sioux grave made another like it. The Piegan then organized the grass dance which was later improved by Big-nose and Running-rabbit who visited the Assiniboine and brought back many of the dance outfits. As I obtained this information from three or four different people, I am quite sure the grass dance was first given by the Crow. Though the Piegan captured some of the dance regalia, they did not know its use until they met the Crow. Thus they held the dance, but later the Gros Ventre and Assiniboine gave them more of the regalia and added much more to the dance.

535 Formerly, the rules for the dance were very different from the present rules.
575 The first grass dance society used to throw away women, horses, blankets, and other
[431] property. A stick is thrown away and whoever gets it receives the property for
which it was thrown. When a member of the dance drops anything, he must not
[784] pick it up. Now, should a member drop something during the dance all the members dance around it in a circle, until someone picks it up, relates four war deeds, and returns it to the owner.

[778] Most of the dance regalia, such as the tomahawk, the sword and belt, were con-
sidered very sacred. For example, if a man has been with a woman the night before
[789] the dance, he must not dance with the belt. If this rule be broken, the penalty is a
[751] lame back. Women must not touch any of these things or their hands will swell. The men must also avoid smoking with women.

When the dance paraphernalia are not in use they are wrapped up lengthwise in a small bundle of calico, and tied with a cord. Before using, a smudge is made and the bundle held in it.

One of the members furnished the tobacco and filled the pipes for the others to smoke. Four single women members were taken in. These women assisted in the singing and often rode double with the men when they rode around the camps at
[789] night, singing. The evening before the dance some of the members would sing
[787] to bring good weather the next day. They had a pipe about seven inches long painted red. One of the members filled the pipe, held it up, remaining seated. While the others sang, he held the bowl and stem with both hands on a level with his eyes. Then he dropped the pipe to the ground. If none of the tobacco was spilled the day would be fine, but if some was dropped the day would be stormy.

[262] In the dance, dogs are eaten. These are furnished by outsiders who are well paid in blankets, clothing, and possibly a gun and horse. Each member is supposed to bring with him a cup in which the berry soup or coffee is placed by two or more men. If a member has no cup the food will be poured into his hat or blanket to teach him to bring a cup the next time. While the food is being served all the members say, "How," meaning, "I have enough." Should any member omit this, he will be compelled to eat all the food alone as a punishment.[1]

[192] [1] On inquiry Mr. Duvall found that the Indians were ignorant of the origin of this word, but used it because it was taught them by the Assiniboine in transferring the ceremony. This is an interesting example of a borrowed word. In Dakota, the word is used in greeting or in expressing satisfaction.

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

saying, "Ha-a-e Ha-a-e." Finally, the horse and rider are led in among the dancers and his new name is announced. 535 727

Sometimes the dance is given in the evening but then the dancers do not dress in their best clothes. [553] Most of the songs mock the enemy, as in the one about the Assiniboine chief White-dog: "White-dog, at last had to cry," [533] or "Why is it that White-dog cried," meaning, he was so brave, but the Blackfoot made him cry when he knew he was to die.

The Kissing Dance.

In winter evenings the kissing dance is held. There is no feast but the dancers are served with tea. 535 Three or four drums are used in the dance. The men and women dance in place on opposite sides of the tipi, facing each other. [272] Some of the women choose partners among the men; they dance up to each other, throwing kisses. When they are close together a blanket is thrown over their heads. Under the cover the two kiss each other. They dance between the two rows of men and women. The blanket is given to the woman as a fee for choosing the man. Sometimes other gifts are added. There are no certain members for this dance, anyone may join. It is very seldom that a vow is made to give this dance as it has more of a social than a ceremonial nature. It is said to have come from the Assiniboine, but is sometimes called the Cree dance. [173] [177]

The Tea Dance.

Similar to the kissing dance and also coming from the Assiniboine is the tea dance, a tea-drinking contest. 535 Anyone who so wishes may join. There is no leader. 272 The dancers divide into two bodies, both men and women may be on the same side. [177] Each side gives the members of the other a lot of tea to drink, the idea being to see who can drink more without falling sick. If a person does not wish to drink any more tea he may pay the person who made it, a blanket, or sometimes even a horse, and thus be excused from drinking. Sometimes if one has made another ill from drinking the tea, a fee is paid. [681]

Some men have the power to drain a pail of tea without spilling or drinking it, but by simply covering it with a cloth and singing. [789] When the cloth is removed the pail is empty. Sometimes, one will say to another, "I have the power to empty this pot of tea in your stomach without your knowledge." Occasionally, lovers drop a ring in the cup when passing tea to each other. [132] There is no feast and the dance is generally held in the evening sometimes

The one he kept grew up to become the Little Bear that my family name started from. The one she had after she left the Bloods became Pocatello, a well-known Shoshone chief after whom the city of Pocatello, Idaho, is named.

Little Bear had a number of children, including my father's father, and a noted dancer and "Indian gentleman" named Spider. It was Spider who got his name from a famous incident that involved another captured woman. Here is that story.

A Blood named Yellow-Painted Lodge went on a buffalo hunt with a group of others. While they were gone, their camp was raided by a Cree war party, which captured most of the women. When the men returned they were quite upset about their loss, but knew that the Crees outnumbered them greatly so did not try to follow. Yellow-Painted Lodge heard that his wife had been captured alive, so he made plans to go and get her back.

Yellow-Painted Lodge took with him a number of horses and other goods to give to the Cree in exchange for his wife. Before long he was in the Cree camp and he learned which lodge his wife was in. Yellow-Painted Lodge kissed his wife when he saw her. She told him that she feared for their lives, because her captor had a medicine that was very powerful.

The Crees had gone hunting. When they returned, her captor asked: "Who is our visitor?" The woman said: "It is your brother." The Cree had seen the horses outside, so he knew the purpose of Yellow-Painted Lodge's visit. He was not willing to give the woman up so easily, however. He said: "I will show you the power of my medicine. If you are stronger, then I will take the horses from you and you may have your wife back."

The Cree took from a small pouch the red-painted wooden figure of a man. The Cree began to sing and drum and soon the figure got up and started toward Yellow-Painted Lodge. His

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

wife called to him: "Don't let that thing touch you or you will be dead!" Yellow-Painted Lodge untied a small buckskin bag from his back braid. He took out of the bag a piece of rawhide cut into the shape of a spider. He picked up a patch of grass and placed the spider on it, while he sang his own power song. He covered up the spider with his hand for a moment and blew down between his fingers. When he lifted his hand, the spider had become real and was walking around on the bunch of grass.

Yellow-Painted Lodge sat the spider down on the ground, right in the path of the Cree's little man. The spider jumped forward and grabbed the little figure. In a moment he had the figure all bound up with his thread, dragging it along behind him as he climbed up one of the lodge poles.

The Cree knew that he was defeated. He begged Yellow-Painted Lodge to spare his life. He told him to take back his wife and keep his horses. He offered to give him any other goods that he wished to have. Yellow-Painted Lodge sang another song and the spider dropped his burden and hurried back to the bunch of grass. He covered up the spider and blew on it, and again it looked like a spider-shaped piece of rawhide. He put it back in its buckskin cover and tied it on to his braid. The little figure of the man lay crumpled up where the spider had dropped it.

Yellow-Painted Lodge then told the Cree: "I didn't come here for anything else but my wife. If you will just give me a meal, we will be on our way home. I want you to have the horses I brought and you will be my brother. You can come to our camp and be my guest anytime." The Cree was happy to hear that, and he knew that no further trouble would come once Yellow-Painted Lodge had accepted food in his tipi.

At this time Little Bear had a very sickly baby. While Yellow-Painted Lodge was visiting, he was given the baby to hold, and Little Bear asked the old man to pray for the

I myself have never been treated by such a person for such a matter. So I won't be able to say any more about it. 847

There was another way of preventing childbirth that I will mention just for your interest. My grandmothers have told me that the kind of spiritual powers needed to make this way work are no longer existing today. The last of the people who were involved in these traditions are about gone. 842 178

This other way did not usually involve herbs, just strong faith in the powers of certain spirits. The ones who had these powers would make up symbols of snakes or butterflies, which were considered powerful in childbirth. These were given to women who wanted no children. They had to wear them all the time, next to their bodies. For instance, snakes were made from buckskin, stuffed, and worn like a belt. The stuffings were of special materials, and the snake bodies were specially covered with beadwork and sacred paints. Often the women were instructed to stand over a smudge of special incense, so that the smoke could rise up their bodies. They had to do this every night for as long as they wanted no more children. 842 789 [825]

I heard of one man who lived long ago with famous powers dealing with childbirth. He would make a stick-figure drawing of a man on a certain woman's blanket, and she would have no more children. If she changed her mind and wanted children, he would just sit on her blanket for a while, to change the magic.

WOMEN'S SAGE
(Artemisia Frigida)

One plant in the world of Blackfoot botany was left practically for the exclusive use of the women. For that reason it was called women's sage. A companion plant was called man's sage, because it was used mainly by men. Both kinds 824

boughs. At 1 p.m. the Lodge was quite completed and quietness reigned in the camp, broken only by the occasional shouting of some chief calling guests to a feast, or a caller assembling the members of some fraternity. 796 346 [203]

With the completion of the Holy Lodge, the participants returned to their own lodges to await the next ceremony which was, in effect, the start of the second half of the Okan. The first four days had led up to the construction of it; the last three or four days were taken up with ceremonies within it. 796

The next part of the Okan began when two men came out of their lodges wearing sacred dress and carrying fans of eagle wings and boughs of creeping juniper. Four old men came behind them with hand drums, singing a sacred song. The two men, known as the Weather Dancers, danced forward to the rhythm of the song, at the same time blowing on whistles of eagle bone, which stuck from their mouths. [237] [824] [533] [534] [237]

The Weather Dancers are the priests for the activities that take place inside the Medicine Lodge. The People placed their spiritual faith in these men, who were considered to have Power to attract good weather to the encampment. It was up to the Weather Dancers to decide how many more days the Okan ceremonies would continue, and they would remain within the Medicine Lodge throughout that time to fast, pray, and dance. It is as a result of their duties that the Okan is often referred to as a Sun Dance. 796 791 [789] [787]

The only clothing the Weather Dancers usually wore were moccasins and breechcloths. They painted their bodies with designs shown to them in dreams or given by some previous dancer. Around their heads and wrists they wore wreaths of creeping juniper boughs, and eagle bone whistles hung from thongs around their necks. On their backs they sometimes wore white robes, pinned together in front of their necks. They tried to concentrate their thoughts on the Holy Power that Sun passes on to all the creatures on Earth. 796 791 292 [302] [787] [824] [237] [534]

[P·34-A]

could see the top of the sacred Pole, they blew on their whistles with short blasts while they bounced up and down with the drum beats. 796 791

Before them was the center of the Earth, marked by the sacred Center Pole. From Earth it reached to the heavens above, symbolically connecting the two into one Universe. The bright colors of the many offerings fluttered at the top of the Center Pole, marking the place where Sky and Earth met. The fork joint represented that all the directions in the Universe are joined together by the Great Spirit to make One. The prayers of the Above Spirits were represented by Wind, which could be heard all around; the prayers of the Earth Spirits were represented by the rustling of the green leaves on the cottonwood boughs. [533] [534] [535] 796 772

"Cheep—cheep—cheep—cheep," sounded the eagle bone whistles as the Weather Dancers rocked on the balls of their feet, accompanied by the rhythm of the drumming and chanting. If a cloud threatened to hide Sun's light, the intensity of the dancing and music increased until the cloud passed out of sight. 791 796 535 789

I believe in this Power of Universal Harmony, for I experienced it myself during the Piegan Medicine Lodge celebration of 1972. The former Weather Dancer, an old man named Makes Summer, taught me the way to use spiritual power passed on from the long-ago. As dark rain clouds threatened overhead, the singing and dancing became more and more intense. The clouds finally separated and Sun shined brightly until the ceremony was over; not until then did it begin to rain. No one remembers a Medicine Lodge ceremony that was ever disturbed by rain. [123]

Wilson brought his notebook and joined the crowd around the Holy Lodge: 796 431

A, [i.e., the Weather Dancers--Analyst]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 35-A]

[p. 35-A]

came a famous winner. He warned anyone who came near the horse that no Medicine must ever be used on it, nor must it ever be ridden double. One weekend Bird Rattler let his brother Running Rattling take Apistokinii to a nearby race. Many good horses were participating, and Running Rattling became worried about the strong competition. So he asked a Medicine Man known for his successful Powers with horses to give some of his Power to Apistokinii. The Medicine Man did, and Apistokinii won the race. That evening Running Rattling rode the horse back home in the company of a friend. When the friend's horse stepped on a sharp stone and went lame, Running Rattling invited him to ride double. Not long after, they came to a narrow ravine. Running Rattling urged Apistokinii forward to jump over it. Burdened with two riders, Apistokinii did not complete the leap fully. His hind legs slipped back down the embankment, breaking both hips. Apistokinii sat, unable to rise. Running Rattling walked home the rest of the way greatly worried. He went to bed and said nothing until the next morning. Bird Rattler was quite saddened when he was told what happened. He took his rifle and shot Apistokinii, then covered him with his finest Hudson's Bay blanket. It was not until much later that he discovered his brother had disobeyed his orders.

231 231 593 [426] [541] [789] [492]

Bird Rattler's last raid did not end as well as his others. On returning to camp with newly stolen Crow horses, he and his partners, Weasel Tail and Black Looking, were arrested by Mounted Police. They were put in ball and chains in the guardhouse at Fort MacLeod. Managing to escape, they fled south to their relatives among the South Piegans of Montana. Weasel Tail and Black Looking returned to live in Canada, years later, after the incident had been officially forgotten. Bird Rattler stayed in Montana to become a successful farmer, an honorable tribal judge, and Keeper of the Piegan's sacred Circle Dance Medicine Pipe Bundle until his death in 1939.

721 648

Both-Sides. It now belongs to his son Jim, our present head chief, who stays in it during our Sun Dance Encampments. It is painted blue with two large yellow elk. 532 [114]

The Half-Yellow Tipi, painted half yellow and half red, also was set up at our last Sun Dance gathering. It now belongs to Albert Wolf Child, who plans to transfer it to his son to keep it in the family. Formerly, a variation of it belonged to our Old Man, as well as Mokakin. The Center-of-the-Universe symbol is drawn at the rear of the tipi. [432] [424]

Along with his list, Gambler also recorded his stories of the origin of some designs. Here is his version for the Half-Yellow Otter Tipi. 773 539 532

Oki! The Half-Yellow Otter design—yellow otters around one side and black otters around the other. This tipi was once owned by a man who lived in the water. One day another man sat nearby on a hill; looking down at the river, he suddenly saw tipis emerge from the water. The man from the water told the man on the hill, "This tipi is mine. Jump into the water and go into it. You are having difficult times. I will give you my tipi." The man jumped into the water, entered the tipi, and the transfer ceremony was performed.

Gambler also told this story:

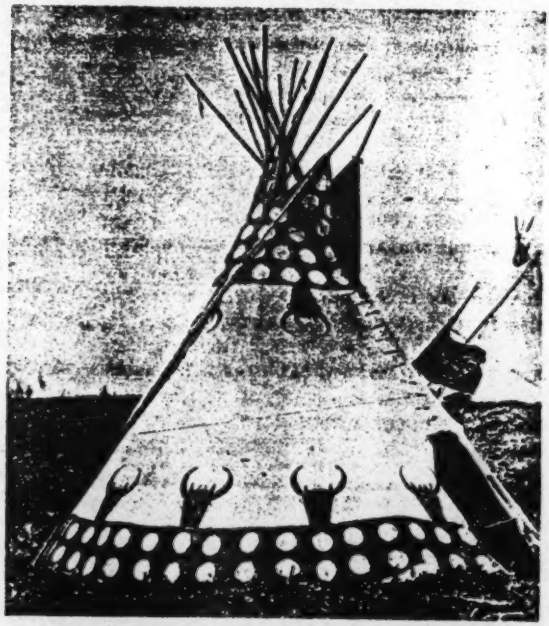
Oki! The Buffalo Head design. A buffalo bull had been killed and all his insides withered away. One time, a man was out on the prairie during a blizzard, so he slept inside the dead buffalo. During his sleep, the man was told, "Don't worry, nothing will happen to you. When you get back to your home draw my head all over your tipi to remind you of the Power that saved you."

In the Old Days, owners were well familiar with the stories and ceremonies for their tipis. This knowledge gave spiritual help and Power to 178 796 532 789

[p.75-B]

the tipi's inhabitants. They depended on the tipi's Powers to protect them from enemy attacks and from natural harm, such as wind and lightning. The spiritual protection of the tipi meant much more to them than its physical protection as a shelter. After the People no longer lived daily in tipis, the meanings of the tipi stories of origin and ceremonies began to lose importance.

178
532
796
789



342
532

Buffalo Head Tipi, also known as the Upside-Down Buffalo Head Lodge. Sometime after this 1891 scene, this lodge was transferred to old Shot-on-Both-Sides, who gave it to his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, when they took over the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe. They later "fed" the lodge to the Crazy Dogs Society, one of whose members, Frank Red Crow, had it transferred to himself. (R. N. Wilson)

[424]
[432]

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

sidered to be a bad sign. A piece falling from a sacred object, an error made in the singing, a rattle or drumstick dropped, or a person falling down, particularly if caused by the negligence of the participant, will cause the marked person to immediately ask some old man to call out four brave deeds, in the hope that the old man's powers in times of danger will help prevent possible misfortune as a result of the accident.] 796 432 778 787 [789] [555]

Sometimes a woman is allowed to take the pipe at these dances and clumsily dances [this is a gross interpretation of the smooth dancing done by women; an ideal woman remains very dignified during social occasions and does not dance with the glamour and obvious enthusiasm shown by the men], facing a minute to each of the five points of the compass [actually, four]. There are generally some extra moves in the ceremony of unrolling the Calumet peculiar to each pipe; for instance in one case, before dancing, a squaw takes a drum stick and strikes two blows on each of the lodge poles that the entrance is between [the spiritual purpose of this to notify the sacred lodge that loud noise, in the form of drumming, is about to commence], in another case a forked stick is used to rest the head of the stuffed owl upon, this stick stuck upright between the other red willows. 796 432 778 535 [562] [923]

The following narrative is also from Wilson's notebook of the 1890s. He calls this story a "Calumet Transfer." 796 432 778 [127]

When an Indian has once said that he will take the Sacred Pipe, he must not fail to keep his promise, for he is sure to be visited with misfortune should he so trifle with the Sacred. Nowadays a man names the day that he will pay the horses and be initiated. Formerly, it was customary to leave that to the owner and priests who would take him by surprise the night before the transfer was due to take place. The pipe is unrolled with the same ceremony as in Thunder [626]

[p. 129-B]

that summer, I asked a Medicine Pipe Owner where his Bundle was. "In a bank vault," he replied. "That's where I always take it when I go away from home." He told me that several people wished to have his Bundle, but he did not feel they were spiritually sincere in their desires. He knew that one of them would steal it, if given the opportunity. SikskiAki and I felt that our sacred Bundle should be present at the annual holy gathering of our People, despite the risks. However, we generally try not to leave it. 778 425

We were relieved to find our Bundle hanging in its sacred place when we returned to our tipi. We made a small fire to have a coal for incense.

HOW OUR FAMILY GOT ITS PIPE

In the Old Days, the custom for some Medicine Pipe Bundles required that they change Owners every four years. If no one vowed to take the Bundle after that time, the Owner selected someone who was spiritually deserving and had enough property to make the physical sacrifice. In some cases, the Owners waived the payments of property and simply gave the Pipe to a worthy person, usually a relative, often a child.

The Owner did not announce the person he chose until the day of the transfer. Those men who felt they were eligible but did not wish the responsibility left camp with their blankets as soon as they heard the opening songs, and they stayed away the entire night. Early the next morning, while the camp was still asleep, the Owner and his party would go to the tipi of the selected man. One of the party carried along the owl from the Bundle, giving them the Power to silently approach their "quarry" in the dark. Then the Owner, with the sacred Stem, would touch the candidate, who was obliged to accept his new duty. [789]

In every transfer ceremony, the new Owner is symbolically "captured," even when the candidate willingly vows to take the Pipe. Let me tell [123]

[p. 138-A]

ing the Crees. Those who escaped sought shelter in the nearby coulee and river bottom. They left everything behind in their camp except their women and children. 778 726

The invaders rounded up the Cree horses and looted the camp. One Spot's partner, Many Mules, saw the sacred Pipe wrapped up and hanging from a tripod. As he approached it, One Spot called out, "My friend, don't touch that sacred thing. Those Crees have a lot of Power that may kill you if you take their Medicine." Startled, Many Mules left the Pipe and went on to look for other trophies. Then One Spot went over to it, said a prayer and took the sacred Pipe for himself, calling out, "I am One Spot of the Bloods." 778 727 [829] [782]

The war party had captured many horses, clothing, and other goods. A large victory dance was held when the party returned. They had not lost a single member. One Spot cradled the sacred Pipe in his arms while others danced with their captured goods. But he left the Pipe on a tripod outside of his tipi; he did not want to risk the safety of his family by bringing the Cree Medicine inside.

A few days later, One Spot asked several holy men, old Medicine Pipe Owners and Beaver Men, what he should do with his new sacred Pipe. They advised him to go through a purifying ceremony to remove any bad Spirit the Crees might have cast upon it from a distance. A bunch of sage was gathered and mixed with buffalo meat, a traditional sacrament believed to have the Power to remove bad Spirits from anything. The sacrament was rubbed all over the Pipestem and One Spot's body while all the Old Men prayed. After that, One Spot kept the Pipe inside his tipi. 778 783 [789] [824] [237]

In order to take this sacred Pipe into our Medicine Pipe Ways, it was necessary to have it transferred to an Owner. Because One Spot had fulfilled his purpose by capturing the Pipe and bringing the party safely back home, he decided to give it to Many Mules. The basic materials for a Medicine Pipe Bundle were collected, and Old 778 425

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

was made for them. The Owners ate from wooden bowls and were treated with special respect by their People. When the sacred Pipe was smoked—before a war party left on a dangerous mission, or when an offering of peace was being made—each smoker took only four whiffs, even if the tobacco was no longer lit. 177 171

Shot Many Times sang a few Cree songs for the Pipe. The Bloods found them to be much different from our own Medicine Pipe songs. One of the war songs included these words: "I sing to the Sun. Give me a man of honor to kill."

In 1916 an anthropologist named Alanson Skinner studied the Crees and wrote about their sacred Pipes: "There have been three pipes among the Cree, but there are only two now, as the Qu'Apelle River band (some ways east of Edmonton) sent theirs to the Bloods to make peace, and the latter still have it." This statement indicates that there was probably either a great misunderstanding, or else wishful thinking on the part of the Cree who gave the information to Skinner.

THE CHILDREN'S MEDICINE PIPE

Besides the four Medicine Pipes we open every spring to celebrate the return of Thunder and the good seasons that follow, there is one more Medicine Pipe Bundle, which is rarely opened. Keepers used to carry this Bundle's Pipe to war so that its Spirit would give them the Power of success. Since the end of the war days, the Bundle has been transferred to the children of those who wanted its Power. Thus, it became known as the Children's Medicine Pipe Bundle. 778 [769] [852]

[p·159-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

went on the warpath with it. When he returned successfully with it, another young man took the Small Medicine Pipe in a transfer. After that, it was regularly stolen to be taken on the warpath. When they returned they brought it home with something stolen in the raid—a horse or a rifle.

So that is how our sacred Bundle was used.

It is believed that no one who wore the sacred Pipe on the warpath was ever injured. It was taken along in its cloth covering. Just before the start of a battle, or before the bearer went into an enemy camp, it was taken out of its covering and those who were in its company prayed and sang with it. The bearer then tied the sacred Stem in his hair.

The Children's Pipe has had many Keepers since the end of the war days. Most recently, it was transferred from the children of Stabs Down to the children of Adam Delaney, who is the new leader of the Horns Society.

ANOTHER SMALL MEDICINE PIPE

At one time there were at least three Small Medicine Pipes among our People. The Children's Medicine Pipe is still with the Bloods, and another Small Pipe is now among the North Piegans. The third one was obtained and sold by Mrs. Walters to some museum in the United States in 1941. Atsitsina remembers this story of its origin:

There was a Blackfoot by the name of Middle Calf. He was so brave and Powerful that he always went on war raids by himself. One time, he was coming back home with a bunch of stolen horses when he had a dream. In his dream an Old Man told him, "I am the one who has been giving you Power. I am now going to give you my strongest Medicine. It will allow you to reach very old age. You must give it to your children to take care of, so that they can grow old too."

[p. 161-B]

Then the Old Man showed Middle Calf how to make the small Medicine Pipe. 539 778

When Middle Calf got back home he made a stem just like for a regular pipe and he made it look fancy with eagle feathers and beads and arrowheads. He coated it with incense and with real paint, and he painted his children for it. 173

They used to take this Pipe to war, just like the Children's Pipe. Only they sold this Pipe to the white People down in the States.

In the notes of Mrs. Walters is a letter Percy Creighton wrote her dated July 24, 1941: 778 [212]

At the Sun Dance saw a head dress, Buffalo with trailer, also a 'war pipe.' There are two small pipe bundles on Blood Reserve—used on war trails carried 'tied at back of head.'

A regular pipe bundle is about 3-4 feet long; these little ones about 14 inches. With it is a bag of paint, charming medicine, 4 eagle feathers quilled, a string of 'pony' beads, at the end a flint arrow head, 2 eagle claws fringed between, and beaded pipe stem covered with buffalo hide and quilled on 3 sides, the lower handle is covered with muskrat fur—bound with mixed feathers—[the Bundle includes] owl, coopers hawk, falcon feathers, a pair of blue bead bracelets, small bag of incense, a deer hoof rattle, a bone flute, smudge stick, and case of rawhide fringed.

In 1906 the anthropologist Clark Wissler made this comment about the Small Pipe:

There is a small pipe among the Blood, regarded as very powerful in war. It has four songs, one of which is a typical medicine-pipe song while the others are quite different. In the presence of the enemy this pipe was smoked by the party carrying it, the songs sung, and the pipe tied in the owner's hair. The first Blood to own it received it by transfer from a North Blackfoot. Recently [1903] it changed hands for six horses and other property. [721] [789] [435]

Wissler also mentions in a footnote to that story that the Dakota (Sioux) "had similar pipes for the same purpose." [171] [P.162-A]

ordinary smoking pipe, which was used during the ceremony, always rested on this chip. 778

Another Pipe once belonged to the Catcher's Society. It was last owned by the Old Man's stepfather, old Scraping White. It was inherited by his son, Harold Chief Moon, who sold the Pipe to a collector from the States. [428] [439]

A Black-Covered Pipe from the Seizers Society was sold to Mrs. Walters by Percy Creighton. He sent this note along with it: [432] [212]

The pipe belongs to a man named Never Sits Down, the same man who made the Never Sits Down shield [the most famous shield among our People—several variations of it have been made over the ages, and we will see one of them later]; he was a great medicine man. He made this pipe and carried it when on the war path. When the enemy is in sight, he takes his pipe, and makes ceremony with it. That allures the enemy from their watchouts, and it's easy for him. With all his undertakings [he] always gets away with plenty of horses from his enemy. When he died, his friends of the same age put the pipe as the head article of this Society, called the Seizer's, and the pipe is called the "Seizer's pipe." Now the society is done away with. 778 789 [714]

[p. 168-B]

[Horns Society Transfer Ceremony, 1891]

centre of the 18 altars, and the old members made incense by sprinkling upon them a small quantity of dried grass. Each old member next made four passes with his hands from incense to the bag on the staff and then untied it and after passing it [four times to the altar] he laid it upon the ground. The bags were at once opened and the head dresses etc., which they contained were taken out and exposed to view. Each candidate was now painted by the old member whose regalia and position in the Society he was about to acquire. Some were painted red, othe : yellow; in all cases they were painted from head to foot. Some had their faces painted jet black and a red stripe from ear to ear across the eyes and another red stripe across the mouth. In the meantime, the wives of 4 of those who sat behind the short staffs were putting together 4 large war bonnets which they stuck upon the staffs. A number of dark clouds from the north were at this time overshadowing the camp and from them a few drops of rain were falling, the appearance in fact was in favour of a rainy afternoon. Running Wolf, two other men and Running Wolf's wife stood up in a row facing the entrance and behind them stood an old man who in a loud voice prayed that the rain storm should pass to one side or the other and not interfere with the sacred proceedings. He prayed 4 times with a pause between each.

575 796 432 [302] [782] [789]

White Calf now took down, or rather pulled up, Running Wolf's staff and held it horizontally over the altar. In a loud voice he made a prayer, and when near the end of it, he put a daub or two of red earth paint upon it. At the conclusion of the prayer he covered the pole from one end to the other with the red earth which was mixed with grease and of a pink shade. When White Calf had finished, all the other poles were taken up by the instructor of old members and painted in the same manner, but all the short staffs and some of the long ones were yellow. From each of the bags before mentioned, was taken a long strip of fur with which to wrap the long staffs from end

[782] [531]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Grass Dancing

Our People have always been willing to accept the Ways of other People if they could be fit into our traditions. In that manner we adopted the Grass Dance, traditionally an important function *among the Omaha People, apparently celebrated* by their Central Plains neighbors for many years. A ceremonial dance with many symbolic details, its purpose was to spiritually encourage the prairie grass to grow tall, which would mean more food for the buffalo. That's why it became known as the Grass Dance. The dance was eagerly adopted by other tribes, including the Crow, Sioux, and the Assiniboine (from whom our People obtained it).

During the final years of the war days, a Blood man named Sitting Bull led a party to the east to raid the Assiniboine People. The Assiniboines are relatives of the Sioux, or Dakota, People, whom we commonly call Parted-Hairs, due to their custom of parting their hair down the middle. They hid themselves in the brush on top of a nearby hill, watching the camp through Sitting Bull's field glasses to decide on a strategy to raid it.

When evening came, the Assiniboines did not go into their lodges, but instead gathered in a circle inside their encampment. One man went out behind a lodge and took down from a tripod a large drum, around which several men gathered. They began by beating a fast, steady rhythm. Soon dancers emerged from the lodges. Their

in front of us, were several herds of buffalo and antelope. Said one of our party: "If we only had the meat of one of them, how safely we could broil it with this smokeless bark." He pointed to the dead, dry bark of a fallen cottonwood. 726 [252] [829] [372]

Said another: "The animals are all quiet; there seems to be no enemy war party hereabout; let us go out there and make a killing." 726 224

"No. We will take no chances; no risks whatever. Quiet though it seems to be out there, somewhere, hidden from us, a large enemy party may also be hungrily looking at the herds," I said.

"We cannot travel without food. As you will not allow us to go out there and make a killing, just you make some of the animals come right in here," said another, Bear Bones [Bear Shin Bone], who was always cross, always complaining, but a brave, successful man of many war trails.

"I will try to bring some of them in," I answered, and had Wolf Plume hand me my medicine-pipe roll. I did not expose the pipe. Simply held the roll up to the Sky and prayed to Sun, Thunder Bird, and Ancient Raven, to make food come to us. 726 224 789

We watched the herds; particularly the one nearest us, a small herd of buffalo, all of them save one old cow, lying down and chewing again the grass with which they had filled themselves. The cow was standing with lowered head, motionless, asleep on her feet. But now she raised her head, stretched out her legs, shook herself, and started slowly walking toward us. Up rose the herd then, two or three at first, then all the others, and in single file came on behind her. And I said to the cross one: "There, Bear Bones, as you asked so have I done with the help of my medicine. And now you do the killing. Not with your gun, but with your silent bow and arrows." [411]

"Yes," he answered.

"A fat one. A cow without calf, or a one-winter or two-winters one," said I.

All of my party were looking at me, thinking that I had great favor with the Above Ones; that [554]

my medicine was powerful. I said nothing. I was not proud-feeling. Bear Bones asked us to move back, to leave him alone to make his killing. We went down to the shore of the river. Presently we heard a great pounding and rattling of hoofs, smashing of brush and dead sticks, and some of the herd came running out to the shore below, and turned and ran up past us and then back through the timber to the plain, all but one, a cow of two winters, with an arrow deep in her side, just back of her shoulder. Right in front of us she fell, blood streaming from her nose and mouth, and she died. And out from the timber came Bear Bones, who said: "Ha! There she lies. I knew that she could not go far with my arrow in her lungs."

So was it that, by the favor of the Above Ones, we ate fat, broiled meat that morning, and had meat for several days to come. And my companions were happy, eager to go on. That which I had done, my bringing the herd of buffalo to us from the plain, was, they said, a sign that our raid was to be successful. After we finished eating, I went apart from my companions, and, before I slept, smoked and prayed to the Above Ones, and sacrificed to Sun a piece of tobacco from my Thunder Pipe Roll.

Going on south, night after night, we crossed the Yellow Mountains [Judith Mountains] through the low gap in them, and one morning, just before Sun appeared, arrived at Dried Meat River [Musselshell River]. We crossed it, and stopped in a small grove of timber. We still had meat of the buffalo that Bear Bones had killed; thin cuttings of it, now partly dried. Wolf Plume broiled some of it for me, and, after eating, I had him prepare a resting-place for me, in some thick willows a little farther down the grove, and, after naming two of my companions to go on watch until the middle of the day, I lay down, my sacred pipe roll at my side, and soon slept.

I had a vision. I saw a camp of many lodges. It was night, yet I saw the lodges plainly, and

party of them had ambushed a number of our hunters out after buffalo, on Yellow River. We wondered if they were happy; contented. Black Elk said that they probably had become Crows in all but their blood. Had we not in our tribe Crow women, Snake women, Kutenai women, Cree women, and women of the West-Side tribes, whom our warriors had captured, and with their children, plenty of food, good clothes, were they not happy? Yes. They even said, many of them, that they would rather die than return to their own kind. And there was Painted Wing's woman, Pine Tree Woman; she went with him to war against her own People, the West-Side, River People. [726] [727]

Said my younger helper, Wolf Plume: "I am so poor that none of the girls of our tribe will so much as look at me, so I will try to capture one of the girls down there. It is said that the Crow girls are very beautiful." [883]

"You will make no attempt of that kind this night. You are to stand in that point of timber there below the camp, and take care of the horses that we bring to you," I told him.

"You know that I was but making nothing-talk," he answered.

Sun was not far above the mountains when the Crow hunters came riding back up the valley, their women trailing after them with their travois horses and packhorses drawing and carrying big loads of meat and hides. Again the men were singing happily; their women, too. I watched my spotted horse and its rider. The man was short and slender. The horse seemed not to be tired, for now and then he pranced, trotted sideways. [825]

I said to my companions: "See my beautiful spotted horse. See him prance. He is not tired, he, my spotted horse."

"But after being used all day, and tied again for the night, he will have little strength to make the long, fast run we will have to make," said one.

"Ah! But the rider is going to let him graze until night," I answered. [789]

[p. 261-B]

726
[789]

Ha! Arrived at his lodge, the rider unsaddled the spotted horse, hobbled him and turned him out to grass. Yes, as I willed the rider should do, so did he.

I said to my companions: "My friends, very powerful is my sacred medicine."

"Ah! Powerful! Powerful!" they repeated.

Sun went to his island home. Night came, and we sneaked down into the valley and through the timber to the river, and drank plenty of water and ate of our dried meat. I then led my companions to the point of timber, a little way below the camp, that I had selected for our gathering-place, and there we remained in the camp, until visiting, feasting, smoking, dancing, and singing ceased and the lodge fires all died out and the people slept. I then told Wolf Plume to watch for our return to the point with horses, and again advised my companions to be very cautious in approaching and entering the camp, and to go into it separately in its north, south and east sides. We then left the point and soon lost sight of one another in the darkness.

The night could not have been better for our raid. Clouds hid Night-Light, above us, yet it was not too dark. We could see objects, make out what they were, at a distance of twenty or twenty-five steps. So was it that I surely but slowly approached the big painted lodge. To go to it, I had to pass between two lodges at the outer edge of the circle. When quite near them, I stopped, listened, heard in one of them the heavy breathing of a sleeper. I went on, and made out that a dark object that I was approaching was a horse; and then I saw that it was one of my black-and-white spotted buffalo runners. It did not flinch from me when I went right to it and stroked its shoulder. Its rope, I made out, was fastened to a peg of the lodge skin. I stood beside the horse, looking, listening. All was quiet. I believed that I knew where my other spotted one was tied. I went on past the doorway of the lodge and right to it, its rope end also fastened to a lodge peg. I noiselessly

MacLeod. He was one of the group that escaped from that stockade and sought sanctuary in the States among their Piegan relatives. Unlike Bird Rattler, however, Weasel Tail returned to his Blood People after the escape was officially forgotten. He stayed on the Blood Reserve until his final years, when he again moved south to the Piegan Reservation. He died in 1950, at the age of ninety-one. 159 [727]

Weasel Tail attributed his Power to several visions and Medicines. Among them were his own personal sacred helpers, the otter and the kingbird. He carried parts of both with him wherever he went. When he went on raids and battles he usually wore a small bunch of sage hen tail-feathers that had once belonged to his father. His grandmother had saved the sacred feathers upon the death of his father, and given them to him when he was old enough to go to war. Another Medicine he wore to war consisted of a wolf cap and robe, given to him in a dream. 778 787 726 [237] [714] [292]

Eagle Child taught Weasel Tail how to paint his horse for battle. He told him, "This you will do to prevent the bullets and the arrows of the enemy hitting you or your horse. You will paint the horse's right shoulder and right hindquarters with red dots. Why? Because when you shoot a bullet through the flame of a fire, the flame is not injured, not even touched by the bullet; and red paint represents the color of the fire flame. You will paint the horse's left shoulder and left hindquarters with white clay spots. Why? When you shoot a bullet or arrow through the smoke of a fire, the smoke is not injured or touched; therefore, the white dots upon your horse represent smoke, and that gives you the power of smoke, you and your horse, even as the red dots give you the power of fire flame, to be unhurt by the bullets and arrows of the enemy." 531 789 231 822

Before leaving on their journey, the members of a war party usually met in front of their leader's lodge and sang songs. One of Weasel Tail's favorite songs for such occasions had these 726 [533]

361
532
531
714
237

Weasel Tail ready for battle. His face is painted and he carries his Medicine shield, rifle, and coup stick. He often wore an eagle feather in his hair. He is also wearing his sacred shirt, designed with paint and perforations and said to be impenetrable by bullets or arrows. And in fact, he lived through many battles to tell about them. His horse's tail is tied up in the war party style, and is symbolically painted: the hands represent enemies killed by Weasel Tail in hand-to-hand encounters, while the white spot on the hip shows where one of Weasel Tail's horses was once hit during battle. At the left is his Yellow-Star Tipi, with his wife standing outside. (Glenbow Archives)

[911] [778] [789]

[P-268-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

756
789

Calf Shirt shows the People how much harmony there is between himself and his Medicine Power. The rattlesnake was alive and not defanged, of course. Calf Shirt was only bitten once, at which time he was forced to go to an old lady who had the Power to doctor rattlesnake bites. [752] [759]
(Thomas Magee)

[p. 270-A]

is a place known as the Snake Pit, which few people have gone into to investigate. Even today, early on a cool morning, one can see the steam rising from the entrance to a large den. It was in that area that Calf Shirt once went to seek a vision, through which he was given the Power of Rattlesnakes. I have never heard the exact story of his vision but the following story is an indication of the Powers it gave to him.

Calf Shirt's sister was married to a Blood named Cree Man, who did not treat her properly. According to custom, a girl's brother could go and take back his mistreated sister, which Calf Shirt did. When Cree Man came to see about his wife, Calf Shirt told him, "If you want your wife back you will have to prove to me that you will devote yourself to her better. To do this you must obtain for me one of my Medicine animals." He then told Cree Man how to get to a particular snake den and how to identify a certain large rattlesnake there. He told Cree Man that the large snake would be curled up outside the entrance to the den. He told him to look for a certain plant in the vicinity. He said, "Put some of this plant in your mouth and chew it. When you see the snake, rub some of it on your hands and pick the snake up by the neck, not too tight, and hold it next to your bare skin until it gets to know you."

Cree Man went to the other side of a place called Turnip Hill, near Lethbridge. When he got there the snakes were just coming out for the morning. He watched until a very large snake emerged and curled up by the doorway. Cree Man spit some of the chewed-up plant on his hands and some on the snake's head. The snake lay very still. Cree Man prayed fervently as he reached forward to pick up the snake. He told it, "I came to get Calf Shirt's Medicine. I am going to take you home with me." He held the snake up against the bare skin of his stomach and the snake coiled itself around his waist. He got on his horse carefully, so that he would not injure the snake or

arouse it, and rode back home as fast as he could. 586
When Cree Man arrived at the camp, Calf Shirt 593
asked for the snake. Cree Man began to shake 825
and cry. He was afraid to touch the snake again 789
lest it bite his stomach. Calf Shirt told him to spit
some more of the plant on his hands and on the
snake's head, after which Cree Man was able to
pick up the snake. Calf Shirt put it into a white
sugar bag.

Cree Man returned to his home with his
wife, but he was unable to sleep for several nights.
He continued to have nightmares about rattle-
snakes. Calf Shirt sent some sacred paint to him
and told him to keep using rattlesnakes for his
Power, now that he knew how to handle them.
Cree Man just wanted to forget the whole ex-
perience.

Calf Shirt used his Rattlesnake Power to 756
doctor various ailments. One of his specialties was 842
sterilizing women. Among his doctoring articles [237]
was a buckskin snake that was painted black and [531]
had a green glass bead attached to the head and a
small bell to the tail. He would lay this snake next
to a woman's body, sing his song and give her
some kind of Medicine, and the woman would
never have children again.

Oddly enough, however, he did not have the 756
Power to doctor rattlesnake bites. One time he 752
was careless with the one that he carried with him [759]
and it bit him. His relative, old Weasel Head,
paid a good horse to a deaf old woman who was
able to doctor Calf Shirt until he was well.

The Old Man said that Calf Shirt was 756
famous everywhere, but that few people came 231
very near him, because they feared his snakes. He [554]
always kept one in a cloth or buckskin bag inside
his shirt, by his stomach. The Old Man said, "If
he came and sat down at a dance or gathering,
everyone around him would get up in a hurry and
sit somewhere else. We always wondered what he
fed his snakes."

Calf Shirt's Powers taught him to design a 756
sacred tipi. It was painted blue and had rattle- 778
532

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

142
302
301

Wolf Child, Guy Wolf Child's father. He was also known as John Epps, for his fondness for turnips, which he acquired while working for nearby settlers and farmers. [262] [553]

WOLF CHILD

The following anecdote is remembered by old Wolf Child's son, Guy Wolf Child: 714 [115]

My father went on many raids, just like other men in his time. Because of a dream he always painted himself yellow all over, from head to toe. That is the color of Sun. When he went to war he always tied a bunch of feathers to the topknot in his hair. He got the feathers from different people. They would pray for him and paint his face for success on his warpaths. They would give

[787] [302] [301] [789] [726] [431]

[p. 273-A]

him a feather from their own Medicine or from a Medicine Pipe Bundle or something that they had. He tied them all together and kept them for good luck.

714
[789]
[726]
[431]

BIG WOLF

The name *Makwi Ena* means "Wolf Chief," but was translated as "Big Wolf" and written that way on the agency records. After that the People began calling Wolf Chief by the English name Big Wolf. He was an experienced warrior and a leader of holy ceremonies. He once owned our Long-Time Pipe and is thought to have been the last man who knew the proper ceremony for it. According to him, that Pipe had a complete set of its own songs; they resembled sacred tipi songs and could be sung only by former Owners of the Pipe. The Long-Time Pipe was never opened by anyone other than a former Owner until its sale to the Provincial Museum.

793
[551]
[778]
[276]
[533]

Big Wolf was the first father-in-law of our Old Man, who told me this story.

726
793

Oki, at this time, my father-in-law, Big Wolf, was called Hind Man. He and some others started traveling at the time of changing weather, just before summer. It was raining and snowing, and they went on horseback. They rode along until they came to this big road. He told two of them to go and check the road to see if anyone had been moving along it, for the tracks might lead them to a camp to raid.

It was raining and snowing so hard that the two men waited in some bushes for a while, until the storm cleared a little. Then they saw a single rider going along the road with a travois attached to his horse. One of the men hurried back to the rest of the party to tell them that it looked like a man coming back from Where We Buy [*trading post*]. *Before they all got back to the road, the man was gone out of sight. They went up on a hill to look down the road and they saw three men*

Spider was given his name by an old man named Yellow-Painted Lodge, who had the Medicine Power of the Spider. Here is the way he used that Power. 553

Yellow-Painted Lodge and others in his camp went on a hunt for buffalo. While they were gone, their camp was raided by a Cree war party, which captured most of the women. When the men returned they were quite upset about their loss, but knew that the Crees outnumbered them greatly so did not try to follow. Yellow-Painted Lodge heard that his wife had been captured alive, so he made plans to go and get her back. 727

Yellow-Painted Lodge took with him a number of horses and other goods to give to the Cree in exchange for his wife. Before long he was at the Cree camp and he learned which lodge his wife was in. Yellow-Painted Lodge kissed his wife when he saw her. She told him that she feared for their lives, because her captor had a Medicine that was very Powerful.

The Cree were gone hunting. When they returned, her captor asked, "Who is our visitor?" The woman said, "It is your brother." The Cree had seen the horses outside, so he knew the purpose of Yellow-Painted Lodge's visit. He was not willing to give the woman up so easily, however. He said, "I will show you the Power of my Medicine. If you are stronger, then I will take the horses from you and you may have your wife back." 727 789

The Cree took from a small pouch the red-painted wooden figure of a man. The Cree began to sing and drum and soon the figure got up and started toward Yellow-Painted Lodge. His wife called to him, "Don't let that thing touch you or you will be dead!" Yellow-Painted Lodge untied a small buckskin bag from his back braid. He took out of the bag a piece of rawhide cut into the shape of a spider. He picked up a patch of grass and placed the spider on it, while he sang his own Power song. He covered up the spider with his hand for a moment and blew down between his [533]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

535
301
302
142
292

Spider, or Long Hair, the handsome man of the Bloods. He is well remembered for his careful grooming, fancy dress, and perfect dancing. He has on a bead-decorated green wool shirt that was given to Atsitsina during a visit among the tribes in the east. (Arnold Lupson)

---

fingers. When he lifted his hand, the spider had become real and was walking around on the bunch of grass. 727 789

Yellow-Painted Lodge sat the spider down on the ground, right in the path of the Cree's little man. The spider jumped forward and grabbed the little figure. In a moment he had the figure all bound up with his thread, dragging it along behind him as he climbed up one of the lodge poles.

The Cree knew that he was defeated. He begged Yellow-Painted Lodge to spare his life. He

told him to take back his wife and keep his horses. He offered to give him any other goods that he wished to have. Yellow Painted Lodge sang another song and the spider dropped his burden and hurried back to the bunch of grass. He covered up the spider and blew on it, and again it looked like a spider-shaped piece of rawhide. He put it back in its buckskin cover and tied it on to his braid. The little figure of the man lay crumpled up where the spider had dropped it. 727 789 [533]

Yellow-Painted Lodge then told the Cree, "I didn't come here for anything else but my wife. If you will just give me a meal, we will be on our way home. I want you to have the horses I brought and you will be my brother. You can come to our camp and be my guest anytime." The Cree was happy to hear that, and he knew that no further trouble would come once Yellow-Painted Lodge had accepted food in his tipi. 727

At this time old Little Bear (SikskiAki's great-grandfather) had a very sickly baby. While Yellow-Painted Lodge was visiting, he was given the baby to hold, and Little Bear asked the old man to pray for the strength of the child. Yellow-Painted Lodge asked, "Do you want this baby to become a man?" Little Bear told him he did. Then he told Little Bear to make incense. He said, "I will sing my Power song. If my Power comes alive then I will give its name to this baby and it will grow up to be a strong man. He brought out his rawhide spider and placed it on a bunch of grass and began to sing. After he breathed on his hand, the spider began to move around, then ran across the floor to Little Bear and his wife. They saw it. Then it went back to Yellow-Painted Lodge, who put it away. He said, "Since my Power has come alive for your child, I will give him the name Spider." 755 553 [533] [551]

CROW-SPREADS-HIS-WINGS

At the time of his death, during the winter of 1953, Crow-Spreads-His-Wings was about ninety years old and the last man among the Bloods to 793 756 [546]

[p. 284-A]

large party of Gros Ventres, who commenced 657
shooting at them . . . they firing in return, saw 721
some of the enemy drop; they continued to retreat, and noticing two Indians in the trail in front of them, they pursued them and killed one of them. . . . They however, arrived on the Blood Reserve with five of the stolen horses and one stray horse. . . . Owners for these horses have not yet been found. . . . They are at present running with our herd here.

CRAZY CROW'S STORY

In conclusion to the story of the last real war 127
party, let's hear Crazy Crow's version as told in a 212
letter to Mrs. Walters by his daughter, Mrs. Ethel Tailfeathers. The letter accompanied Crazy [439]
Crow's yellow feather mascot, which was sold to Mrs. Walters upon Crazy Crow's death in the 1930s.

I was only 16 when I went on my first war- 883
path. My father was not very keen on my going so 721
young. He would say, "Son, there is plenty of time for you." But my spirit of adventure was too strong. I would not listen. So my father invited [887]
one of the very old timers of the camp to come [726]
and pray, paint, advise and impart his blessing on me. He sang the war song as he was tying the [789]
eagle feathers and dipped them in his yellow war [237]
paint and tied them on my head; all the while [533]
praying that the mascot on my hair would keep me from all harm of the enemy and bring me [301]
success in raids among other tribes.

When we go out to raid we do not set out to kill, but to raid and only kill in self defense. We put on our best regalia so that if we get killed, the enemy will have something worthwhile. I went with an older friend [Calf Robe]; he would look after me as he had experience. I rode on a gray horse and the enemy was on a pinto. I especially wanted a pinto as a pinto is dear to the heart of an Indian. It was worth risking a life to secure

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

142
302
301
714
292
411

[779] Bear Shield, around 1900. Also known as Pig Shirt, he was a brother of the chief, One Spot, and was best known for being a lady fancier and user of Love Medicine. He married a number of times, once even to a white woman. He is wearing one of the holy war-shirts, said to have been bullet proof. Around his neck is a large brass bell, perhaps to call attention to himself, and a beaded case for a [582] pocket mirror. His rings are made of brass wire. From his gun bangs an iron, which was struck with [372] flint to make sparks for fires. (Pollard Photo)

tained all the prayers, at this time, and was taken out and tied to a tree or left amid rocks. The bunches of sage were used to keep the bad Spirits, which was the purpose of this ceremony, from remaining behind to trouble the occupants of the lodge any further.] Tea and berries were now handed around. Ended at 5 p.m. 796 789 782 [272] [262]

That ceremony was similar to our Nighttime ceremonies of today, except that it ended after the details of the introduction were completed; there was no singing of transferred songs. 796

Here is an interesting excerpt from Wilson's notes on a ceremony that took place on July 28, 1891. It illustrates the earnestness and the faith of the participants. [127]

A woman . . . entered the lodge . . . stating that a relative of the devotee's, a brother who was ill in an adjoining lodge, wished to partake of the sacred facial decoration. As the man was in an advanced stage of consumption the priest made no answer at first but grumbled in an undertone to the effect that people must think him possessed of superhuman power. After a moment's thought, he gave a reluctant consent and the sick man entered and was painted as the rest. . . . The priest afterwards explained to me that that sick a man should not have requested the painting of himself, because the immediate object of the sacred face-painting was to ensure good health and long life to the participant; and that the painting of the face of a person who was visibly dying was in his eyes almost an act of sacrilege, hence his reluctance to make a mockery of a ceremony the efficacy of which he, the priest, firmly believed in. 796 302 [751] [784] [771]

Wilson himself once used offerings in our Old Way to overcome a problem. This story comes from Atsitsina. 789

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 349-B]
[p. 348-B]

789

I will tell you a story about Long-Faced Crow. My brother, Looks-like-Black-Hide [Paulus Low Horn] told me this story. He used to work for Wilson at his store. He said to me, "For a while one of Wilson's pigs would get killed every night. He would ask me if I had any idea what was killing them, but I didn't."

Wilson rode up to him one day right after another of one of his pigs was killed. He told my brother, "I can't figure out what is killing those pigs. I make good money on them when I take them to Fort MacLeod. I am going to fix this. I am going to make an offering, because I know the Indian Way is Powerful. I act like an Indian, so I will take care of this problem like an Indian. I was told by the People who go to Sacred Smokes that I could do it." My brother said Wilson took his shirt off right there, while he was sitting on his horse, and he told my brother to get some sage and he showed him how to fix it up as an offering. He took his scarf off and he told him to use part of it for tying the offering together. My brother was going to smile, but Wilson told him, "Don't laugh. I am going to try to get over this in the right way." He said that Wilson knew the Indian Ways very good. He rode over to his house and he called in to his wife, in Blackfoot, to give him some twist tobacco. [His wife was the daughter of the agent on the North Piegan Reserve, and she had learned to speak Blackfoot fluently.] She gave him the tobacco and he rode back over and told my brother to tie it on to the offering with the rest of his scarf.

When my brother finished the offering Wil-

son took it—he never got off his horse—and he faced toward Sun and he started to pray. He prayed just like an old holy man: "HiYo Sun—HiYo Moon! Help me, save my pigs. The one that is killing them has no pity, so I give you this offering. Please make them stop killing my pigs. . . ." My brother said he prayed really hard, and for a long time. When he finished he told my brother, "I give this to the Sun. Climb that tree and put it up there. They're not going to kill my pigs anymore!" When my brother finished he went home and told his wife and they were both really amazed at how Long-Faced Crow believed in the Indian Way. 789

The next day Wilson went out and counted his pigs; then he went over to my brother and he said, "The Sun heard me. I gave him something good and he helped me." After that, my brother said that nothing killed his pigs anymore.

NIGHTTIME CEREMONY ON THE PRAIRIE

"Oki, Napi, we will make a holy soup for you. 755
We have come to ask that you pray for our grandmother, AnadaAki, while she is ill." 782

"Ah," answered the Old Man. "Yes, I will pray for her, and when she gets well, you will make the soup for me."

Thus we announced our vow to the Old [164]
Man, early one winter, after Grandma AnadaAki had suffered a heart attack. We asked him to use his influence with the spiritual powers by praying and by agreeing to lead a Nighttime ceremony, to give strength to Grandma in her effort to recover.

Some time passed after we made the vow. It 796
was late in the winter season. Grandma had been well for some time, but we waited for favorable conditions before holding the ceremony. By then, [743]
because of his old age, the Old Man attended few of the Nighttime ceremonies and he hardly ever led them. Although he assured us that he was able and willing to lead this ceremony for us, we

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

796 Being a good and true woman, like all others who give the sun dance,
793 she spurned him. Next day she told her husband the whole story. He
837 was very angry. He was not satisfied with the confession she made, but
783 suspected that she must have given the young man some encouragement. So when all the medicinemen and women had come into the tipi to rehearse the songs as usual, he made a statement of these suspicions and as he had two wives, he proposed to have them change places.

[756] The medicinemen pleaded for the first wife because they believed her innocent, but the husband was obdurate. So the second wife was called in to take the place. Then the first wife said, "It was I who saved this man's life when he was ill. I made the vow to give the sun dance and he got well. I have suffered much in fasting, all for him. Now he disgraces me before all the people. But I will put my virtue to a test. If I am true, I have already acquired power."

[782] She filled a pipe, went outside and standing now on the east side of the
[821] tipi, then on the south, the west, and the north, she addressed the sun.
[789] The day was clear, but soon after the woman entered the tipi, thunder was heard. A storm came down with hail and blew over many tipis. But in spite of these proofs, her husband was obdurate and the second wife went on with the ceremony.

796 Not long after the sun dance this same man became ill again. Finally, as
795 a last resort, he called upon the first wife to save him again. This woman
593 told him to call upon the other woman as he seemed to have so much faith in her. So he died and was properly punished for so unjustly treating his faithful wife.

The Procession to the Dancing Lodge.

796 In our account of the natoas ritual we told how the father, son, etc.,
798 emerge from their tipi. The file is headed by the father, followed by the
793 son, next the mother, then the medicine woman followed by women bearing
788 the tongues. The father and the son are muffled in blankets (robes); the latter walks with bowed head, leaning heavily on a staff and bearing over his head a wild rhubarb stalk.[1] The medicine woman wears the natoas on her head, an elkskin (often buckskin) dress and an elkskin robe, with the digging-stick on her back. For a staff, she uses one of the smudge sticks. The women in her rear bear parfleches containing the tongues, together with blankets and other ordinary objects. Two or three old men act as

[534] [1] Scar-face is said to have made a whistle (flageolet) of such a stalk. The pith of the
[824] growing plant is sometimes eaten for food.
[262]

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

her travois. While when the other brush was brought in there was much shooting and shouting, there are now no demonstrations of any kind, but absolute silence.

The Weather Dancers.

Early on the fifth day, a booth is built inside the dancing lodge opposite the entrance. A slight excavation about six feet square is made over which is erected a shelter of green cottonwood boughs, open on the side facing the sun pole. Before the middle of the day, a procession of one or more men supposed to have power over the weather, attended by drummers, proceeds by stages from the medicine woman's tipi to this booth. They pause four times and dance, facing alternately the east and the west. They hold whistles of bone in their mouths, which are sounded in unison with the dancing. The procession is of two transverse lines, the dancers, in front, the drummers and singers behind. A great deal of dancing is done between the entrance to the dancing lodge and the booth. At intervals during the day they stand before the booth and dance to the east and west: the drummers are now stationed on the south side of the booth where women also assemble for the singing. The dancing is chiefly an up and down movement produced by flexing the knees, the eyes are directed toward the sun and wing-like movements of the hands are made in the same direction. The dancers wear breechcloth and moccasins and usually a robe around the waist. Their faces and bodies are painted according to their own medicines and medicine objects worn on their heads.

It is stated that there is but one weather dancer, but others may join under certain conditions. In practice this seems to amount to there being a director or leader in the dance, at least such was the case in 1903 and 1904. In 1904 the two assistant dancers went to the medicine woman's tipi to paint themselves and began their procession from there, while the leader approached in a similar manner from his own tipi, the two forming one procession before the east side of the dancing lodge was reached. The leading dancer wore a special ceremonial robe, headdress, and several medicine objects, which have been described in Volume 7 (pp. 93–99).

These objects and their medicine functions may be regarded as esoteric in so far as they are not absolutely essential to the office of leading dancer. Yet, this same individual seems to have performed this function for a number of years. Clark mentions strings of feathers tied to the finger of this dancer.[1] In 1904 there were two assistant dancers. Both wore headdresses

[1] Clark, W. P., *The Indian Sign Language* (Philadelphia, 1885), 72.

23: Wissler E-4,5 (1902-ca.1911) 1918
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

somewhat like that of their leader. One was fully dressed with a blanket around his waist; the other was nude to the belt. The latter was painted chiefly in red with a circle in blue on the back and one on the breast. The former had a pair of horizontal lines on each cheek, those on the right, black, on the left, red.

It is said that formerly these dancers were nude, except for the breechcloth and moccasins. The entire body was painted. There seemed to have been no fixed painting, but the sun, moon, and stars were usually represented. Around the head, they wore a wreath of juniper and bands of sagegrass around the neck, wrists, and ankles.

The weather dancers are not permitted to eat or drink during the day. Formerly, they remained in the booth continuously until the evening of the fourth day of their dancing; in recent years, they spend the night at home and return to the booth in the morning.

The functions of these dancers are not clearly understood. They seem to be held responsible for the weather: i. e., upon them falls the duty of preventing rain from interfering with the dancing. Whether they do this because they happen to have independent shamanistic powers or whether it is a mere function of their temporary office in the ceremony, cannot be determined. Other medicinemen often attempt to control the weather during the days preceding the formal entry into the booth as well as during the later days. In 1903 (Piegan) there was a contest between a number of rival medicinemen some of whom conjured for rain, others for fair weather: strange to say, clouds would threaten and then pass away during these days, which coincidence was interpreted as proof of evenly matched powers. Several times one of the partisans of fair weather came out near the site of the dancing lodge and danced to the sun, holding up a small pipe and occasionally shouting. He wore no regalia and danced in a different manner from that observed among the weather dancers at the booth. However, the man who led the weather dancers for many years until his death in 1908, was famous for his control over the weather. Once, it is told, he became enraged at the power making the weather bad, shouting out "Now, you go ahead, if you want to. I have great power and can stop you when I will."

In former times, the dreams of the weather dancers while sleeping in the booth were considered of special supernatural significance, since, it is said, they were *en rapport* with the sun. This *rapport* may account for what seems to be one of their chief functions — blessing the people. During the days they are in the booth, individuals come to them "to be prayed for." They come up and stand before the booth. The dancer takes black paint and paints their faces. Then he prays to the sun for their

32: Wildschut E-5 (1923) 1928
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

INDIAN NOTES

726 778 821 789 533 When a war-party of Blackfeet was surrounded by enemies, and the owner of the pipe happened to be one of their number, his tribesmen always believed that they would be safe. If this happened in winter, the pipe-owner unwrapped the pipe, sang his medicine-songs, pointed the pipe backward and forward, and placed it under some earth.[1] A severe snowstorm followed almost immediately, it is said, thus giving the party an opportunity to escape.

Should a war-party have a similar experience in summer, the same ceremony was performed, except that in this case the stem of the pipe was wetted, when a cloudburst was bound to follow, again giving the party a chance to escape.

If a party bent on capturing horses approached an enemy camp on a very clear night, the pipe was unwrapped, whereupon the weather would change, thus giving the Blackfeet an opportunity to enter and leave the camp unseen.

778 821 The pipe is kept outside and taken round the lodge, always facing the sun. At sunset it is taken inside, but before doing so incense is made in the lodge.

787 778 When Little Dog was a young man, about 1835, and owned the Black Wrapped pipe, the

[1] The contact of the pipe with the earth, contrary to the injunction received in the dream, is not explained.

39: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1948
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Then I took my robe and walked out of the medicine lodge alone. I went to a lonely place and fasted for a night. I wanted to dream. But I couldn't sleep at all because of the pain. At sunrise I prayed to the sun.

Some time after that I saw a man approaching on horseback. He said, "I'm going to take you home right away." He took me up behind him on his horse and rode me slowly back to camp. My breasts were swollen and hurt. The rider's name was Red Crane. He told me of a mix-up that took place at the sun dance over horses stolen from the Gros Ventres.

When I got to my lodge, my mother gave me something to eat. She and my father told me what had happened at the sun dance gathering —a mix-up between the Mounted Police and Indians.[3] I had to stay in the lodge several days. My breasts were so swollen I could hardly move. Indian doctors used herb medicines to take the swelling away and cure my wounds.[4]

The common elements in these two accounts reveal the pattern of the self-torture experience among the Blood Indians more clearly and completely than the brief description of the ordeal previously published by McLean. This experience was initiated by a warrior through a vow to the celestial deities, sun or moon (the latter in Blackfoot belief was sun's wife), very shortly before the man exposed himself to danger. The vow was a simple, direct appeal to the deity for protection and success in the immediate, hazardous undertaking. In return for such aid the petitioner promised to make the self-torture sacrifice in the sun dance lodge of his people. On return home after the successful exploit the pledger made known his vow to his relatives. They helped him to obtain the services of one or more older men who had been through the ordeal and were qualified, therefore, to instruct and care for the young man in the ceremonial fulfillment of his vow. The public cere-

[3] In the summer of 1889, the Mounted Police sought to apprehend Calf Robe, a Blood horse thief, who sought sanctuary in the medicine lodge of his people. The Indians overpowered the police and set Calf Robe free, but there was no bloodshed (Steele, pp. 283–285). This incident serves to verify the year of Scraping White's and Heavy Head's torture.

[4] These narratives follow as closely as possible the words of the interpreter. In a few places details obtained during further questioning of the informants have been inserted.

[P.170-B]

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

122 a while, please. I will wait until the Chief and my Indian brother, Jim, get home.

Three days of mouldering in a Bozeman motel, where "air-conditioning" turned out to be a window fan which enticed into my lungs all the insalubrious vapors of a neatly concealed backyard swamp, had cured me of any desire to seek commercial lodgings, so I drove back to the ranch to pitch camp. While conducting a Pollyanna re-check of the doors and windows of the ranch house, I discovered that the pantry window had a small piece broken out, and when I stuck my arm in to fish around for a latch, the whole pane gave way. So I crawled through. No electricity, but there was a kerosene lamp with juice in it. Opened the back door and brought in my sleeping bag and rolled in with my clothes on. Conked out immediately, totally bushed.

778
789

Thursday, August 30

122 Last night was cold as a landlord's heart, and I slept like a (rolling) log. Strange that sleeping in an unheated house should be colder than sleeping out-of-doors. When I camped in Rabbit Ears Pass, in Colorado, a week ago, I awoke to find the water in my water bag frozen into a solid block. It was much colder in Rabbit Ears than it was here last night, and yet down there I slept comfortably. Maybe it is that you *expect* a house to be warmer. I could have slept in Jimmy's sack, but I hate to take such a liberty, and of

175
799
[183] ing of horses and the eradication, whenever possible, of one's enemies.

At one point, though, there was no dearth of Blackfoots who earnestly desired to become accepted for baptism into the Roman Catholic Church. In the summer of 1846, Chief Victor and his Flatheads, [101] aided by a dozen lodges of Small Robes (the Small Robes were a [648] rather independent band of Piegans who were friendly toward the Flatheads) achieved a smashing victory over a superior force of Absaroka (Crow) Indians. And when the Flatheads attributed their remarkable success to the power and protection of the "Black Robes' God", this was all the Blackfoots needed to hear. Baptism by the Black Robes was obviously a guarantee of victory over your enemies, and the more bloodthirsty the Blackfoot warrior, the more ardent became his petition for baptism. But since this attitude did not reflect the concept of Christian thought which the good priests of the Church had been attempting to convey, Father Point (the Blackfoots called him "Tusks"), who headquartered on the Missouri River at the American Fur Company's post of Ft. Lewis, recorded that of the 651 Blackfoot Indians he was able in all good conscience to accept for baptism, 625 were children, 22 were women, and only four were grown men.

797 The foregoing notwithstanding, Roman Catholicism was always
796 more successful than Protestantism amongst the Blackfoots, and it is not difficult to suggest several reasons why this should have been so. Although the old-time Indians could in some measure reconcile the more abstractive philosophy of the Protestants with certain sciotheistic elements of their own religious inheritance, the more tangible paraphernalia associated with Roman Catholic ritual was much more impressive to them, and much more easily identified with aspects of their existing beliefs. During a Blackfoot Sun Dance or Medicine Lodge, buffalo tongue is cut into small pieces and distributed among certain participants; this gesture is in all respects strikingly similar to the Christian sacrament of the Eucharist. Also [783] during the Medicine Lodge ceremony, Indian women will step forth and openly confess their sins, and this, of course, suggests the confessional both of the Roman Catholic Church and of the high order of the Episcopal Church. (It is important to realize that these Medicine Lodge ceremonies were not derived from the Christian religion but had their existence before the coming of the White Man.)

797 From the point of view of the Blackfoot fighting man, two aspects
551 of religious tradition possessed by the Roman Catholics were espe-
789

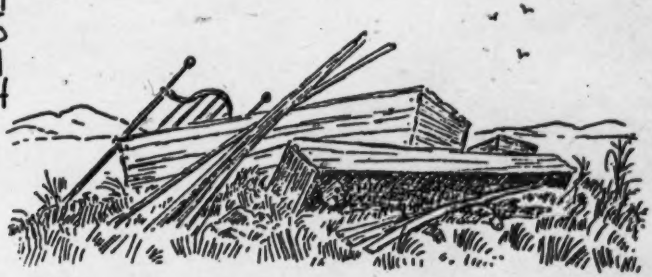
cially easy to accept. A crucifix constituted a nifty recruit to the warrior's collection of protective amulets and charms, and when a priest endowed the converted Blackfoot with the name of a Catholic saint, this was to the Indian very much like his own custom of taking a new name (very often the name of a former chief or hero of his tribe) upon the occasion of achieving a significant coup against the enemy. To this day, a substantial number of Blackfoots have as a given name the name of a saint. Offhand I can think of Evangeline Big Beaver, Theresa Bull Child, Dennis Bad-Old-Man, Michael Scabby Robe, Bernard Red Head, Ursula Running Crane, Theola Cut Finger, Bernadette Red Head, Clement Big Springs, Serena Little Dog, Paul Calf Looking, Calvin Kicking Woman, Jason Dusty Bull, Rufus Good Striker, Terrence Little Bull, Angeline Old Person, Maurice Red Horn, Frederick Takes Gun, Francis Bull Shoe, Agnes Comes-At-Night, Woodrow Calf Robe, Anthony Mountain Chief, Tyrone White Grass, Hiram Daniel Calf Looking, Aaron Skunk Cap . . . There are many others.

The names Joseph and Mary are especially popular here on the Reservation, and the Chief once mentioned that he used to have an aunt named John—which is not at all funny if you know anything about the Blackfoots and their language. Blackfoot names have no sexual connotation, and a female is distinguished from a male by having the suffix *áki* (woman) added to her name. Incidentally, although popular fiction would have us believe that all Indian maidens are called "Shining Water" or "Morning Star," the truth is that Blackfoot girls, who were (and usually still are) named by a male relative or by some prominent male member of the tribe, were *not* named in imitation of some aesthetic object or experience. They were named in honor of a particularly notable war achievement by the name-giver, and instead of being named "Sweet Prairie Flower," a girl was more apt to go through life as "Kills Instead," "Found A Gun," or "Two Cutter" (the actual Indian names of some very fine Blackfoot ladies of my acquaintance).

Whatever the reason for the success or failure of the early Catholic missionaries, the strength of the Roman Church on the Reservation today (take it from a Protestant who knows) is in the presence here of such men as Father Mallman, the marvelous old Jesuit priest who has been ministering to the Catholic faithful down at Heart Butte for God-knows-how-many years. Father Mallman loves and understands the Blackfoots, and the Blackfoots love and respect the Father in turn. The Catholic congregation at Heart Butte is large and faithful in attendance, and if some members celebrate Mass

731 124 his very soul suggested that the marks upon him from this awful experience had not hardened into mere scars but were still open and painful wounds.

657 175 731 964



THE STARVATION YEAR

657 175 731 [462] At that time they had moved the Agency from Four Persons [Choteau] to Running Crane's place on Big Badger Creek. Now they were moving it again to Old Agency. Most of the things were hauled in two-wheeled ox-carts, and most of the work was done by women. A log stockade was being built around the Agency, and this work was done by the women too. At that time our men had good horses and they were hunters and they did not do women's work. At that time Chief [622] Calf, also known as Buffalo Head, whose influence as head chief of the Piegans was shared by my father, Onistáipokah, died over in Canada. Chief Calf had promised to give Skunk Cap [789] a horse, and when he broke his promise, Skunk Cap performed a secret ceremony to bring Chief Calf bad luck. Two days after the ceremony, Chief Calf died. They brought Chief Calf back home and buried him on a ridge near Old Agency. Before that year was over, hundreds of Piegans were to be buried on that same ridge.

Before the stockade around Old Agency had been completed, the Starvation Year began. The buffalo were gone. My father 175 731 224 789 had led us on the winter hunt the year before, and we had found plenty of buffalo. The old men had called the buffalo with the Beaver Power, and with the power of the Thunder Pipe they had caused the direction of the wind to change so that

we had a good chase and brought back many robes and plenty of meat. But this year the herds did not return, and although some of us went deep into the Crow country, we found only a few scattered groups of buffalo—barely enough to feed us on the hunt.

The buffalo were gone, and although there had been other years when we did not find the big herds, this year the old people all knew that the herds would never come again. For them, the old people, it was as though the sun had disappeared from the sky. The old ladies dug wild turnips and gathered wild rhubarb and such berries as they could find, but there was no fat with which to make pemmican for the months ahead. Some of them ate prairie dogs and foxes and badgers and anything else they could trap, and some of the old men just sat in their lodges and waited.

During a pause, I asked the Chief if the Agency had not issued rations to the Indians. He continued his fragmented but informative narration:

The Agency issued rations, but not nearly enough to keep a person alive. Each week they gave out a little flour and sugar and sometimes a small piece of meat. On Friday they would butcher maybe two or three cows from the Agency herd, and they would distribute the meat on Saturday, which was ration day at that time. But when you divide a couple of beeves up amongst about three thousand people, nobody gets very much. Thursday we called Nothing-Happens-Day, because by then all the people would be starving and just sitting around waiting for the next rations. Every day people died of starvation, and a lot of others died because they were too weak to resist pneumonia and other diseases. [Father Prando, who had established a small mission just south of Birch Creek, the southern boundary of the Reservation, reported at this time that a serious epidemic of erysipelas was proving fatal to many of the enfeebled Piegans.]

I am not ashamed to admit that it was difficult and even painful for me to ask the Chief direct questions about the Starvation Year, but I knew that this was probably the last opportunity that I or anyone else would have to record an intelligent, eyewitness—indeed,

taking my spirit back to where my body was. At first the old man would not believe me, but when I told him that I meant what I said, he was convinced. He was carrying with him a hatchet and a red handkerchief, and he said, *I am sorry that I have not any better gifts for you than this hatchet and this handkerchief, but before you leave, I want to show you something.* Then he placed his arm on a log, and with the hatchet he severed the hand from the arm. And then he picked up the hand and placed it back on the wrist and covered it with the red handkerchief, and when he took the handkerchief away again you could see that the hand was joined to the arm again. Then the old gentleman handed me the hatchet and the red handkerchief, and at that moment my spirit entered once more into my body and I found myself here in my own lodge with my relatives and friends standing all around."

The Chief continued:

From that time on, Yellow Wolf had the *Power.* One of his wives was named Pahták [Potato], and by her he had a son who was the father of the Yellow Wolf that is still living on this reservation today. One day this son asked to borrow Yellow Wolf's log chain, and Yellow Wolf told him that it was right there on the ground, covered with that black handkerchief. The son picked up the chain and it fell to pieces in his hands, but when Yellow Wolf picked up the links and covered them with the black handkerchief again, the chain was back together in one piece.

Another time, Chief Coward, who had the power to cut off his finger and then put it back on again, was showing off his power to Yellow Wolf. Yellow Wolf, who was chopping wood at the time, cut off his hand at the wrist and the hand fell three or four feet away from the arm and blood poured out of the arm. "See what you made me do!" Yellow Wolf said. "You startled me so much with your power that you made me go and cut off my own hand." But Yellow Wolf was only teasing Chief Coward, because when he picked up the hand and placed it against his wrist and covered it with his red handkerchief, the hand was joined to the arm again.

The Chief concluded the tale by saying that Yellow Wolf, who had lived to a ripe old age and had died only recently, had two daughters that were still living. Brother Jim added that actually

scene, the Chief's fourteen war parties constitute a rather remarkable achievement. By the time he made his raids, the Whites had begun to move into Montana and to establish military posts and to make treaties (none of which they honored) with the Indians, and so the Chief had a pretty rough time of it. He has a bullet hole in his left arm just behind the wrist, and although I have not been able to lead him into a detailed discussion of the matter, he did mention that the wound was quite an annoyance because the bullet broke the bone and he had trouble loading the muzzle-loading old rifle that he was using at the time.

With several notable exceptions--during one battle the Piegans killed more than 300 Gros Ventres and Crows--most war expeditions were made for the purpose of stealing horses and were composed of only a half-dozen or so warriors. Piegan war expeditions were not, as one authority has phrased it, "spur of the moment affairs." Usually they were planned at least several days in advance, and it was customary for the young warrior to first seek the blessing of an old man of the tribe. Sometimes the warrior built a sweat lodge in which the old man would purify him, and sometimes the two just smoked a pipe together. Almost always the older man would give the youngster a protective token or amulet to carry, and the sale of especially powerful medicine bundles or war bundles was quite a thriving business.

At length I asked the Chief to tell me frankly who the best fighters among the Plains Tribes had been, and very emphatically he replied "[pík̆ǐnĭ]" (the Piegans). And I guess that history bears out his opinion very well. In the early days, during the westward movement by way of the Oregon Trail, the pioneers took a southerly route around the Blackfoots (instead of following the natural course of the Missouri Valley, which would have been the logical route) simply because the Blackfoots were so powerful and so fierce that to invade their land was virtual suicide.

The Blackfoots never did engage in anything resembling full-scale warfare against the Whites, although one could not have blamed them if they had done so. Especially during the post-Civil War period, when false reports of gold in Blackfoot territory precipitated an invasion of the region by the toughs and whiskey peddlers and the brand of scurf invariably attracted to promises of quick money, the Blackfoots were very badly used by the Whites. But the only "battle" between Blackfoots and the U.S. Army occurred in January, 1870, when there took place an action which has

ing Woman, told me about the Holy Woman's having been killed by lightning. Goods Stealing Woman had been in the Medicine Lodge at the time, but she, like everyone else except the Holy Woman, had been spared by the lightning bolt. 159 346 165 793

Iron Pipe had arrived in time to claim the Thunder Lodge, but Many Guns, a friend of mine from Gleichen, came to my teepee and told me that the Thunder Medicine Man had saved for me a medicine drum, some medicine bells, and some other things. In order to receive the medicine articles I had first to go through a ceremony, so at the appointed time I called at the lodge of Iron Pipe. Iron Pipe's wife would not at first allow me to enter the lodge, but Many Guns explained that I was an invited guest and so the woman allowed me to take my place in the lodge. 159 798 796

The ceremony was conducted by the medicine man from Gleichen, the Thunder Medicine Man. I sat on his right, and Iron Pipe sat on his left. The Thunder Medicine Man lighted a smudge of juniper and then handed the smudge stick to Iron Pipe. Then he sang four songs. 159 798 796 756

The words to the first song were, "When the wind blows, that is my medicine." [533]

The words to the second song were, "When it rains, that is my medicine."

The words to the third song were, "When it hails, that is my medicine."

The words to the fourth song were, "When the weather becomes clear after a storm, that is my medicine."

When he had finished singing, the Medicine Man took the smudge stick and with it scratched a jagged line in the earthen floor of the lodge from the place where I sat to the door; then he drew a similar line from the place where Iron Pipe was sitting. Then the Medicine Man resumed his seat, and immediately lightning flashed along the jagged lines from in front of Iron Pipe and me to the open door of the lodge. [789]

This was the most frightening thing I have ever witnessed. I knew that this medicine man had great power, and I asked him whether there was anything in his power that was against me. He said, "No, there is nothing in my power against you. But you must never again eat roseberries; if you do, your whole body will break out in a rash the same color as the roseberries." [784] [262]

I said, "What about tomatoes?"

He said, "Tomatoes are all right, but you must never again, under any circumstances, use red paint on your blanket."

721 But White Quiver had other ideas. He said, "There is no rea-
789 son to run. I will make a ceremony and cause a fog to come. The fog will be so thick that the Crows won't even be able to see us."

White Quiver seated himself upon the ground and opened his war bundle and took out an eagle plume. He asked that some dirt be brought to him, and when the earth had been brought he mixed it with spittle. Then he took the eagle plume and the dirt mixed with spittle and made a ceremony in which he sang a medicine song. The words to the song were, "I want a fog." [Although Plains Indian songs may be quite long, they are composed largely of conventionalized meaningless syllables (vocables, if you prefer), the actual sentiment of the song usually being expressed in one or more short phrases. This particular song is associated with the Circle Pipe Bundle, a Blackfoot Medicine Pipe Bundle considered to possess such extraordinary power that its ownership must at all times be shared by four persons.]

The day was clear and bright, but as soon as White Quiver conducted his medicine ceremony a heavy ground fog began to appear. The Crows reached the hill where we were and began to surround us, but soon the fog was so thick that we simply drove the horses right past them. Eventually we arrived home safe, with all the horses.

121 Nothing—but *nothing*—that can be conceived of in the human imagination is impossible. With this concept firmly in grasp it is possible to approach even the most exotic aspects of Plains Indian culture with an open mind (not, prithee, with a hole in the head, which appears to be the approach of those ethnological flaneurs who trip once around an Indian reservation and immediately have the whole deal rationalized on the basis of some sciolistic and totally inapropos Freudianism).

But although I like to feel that I have succeeded in sloughing off the residual fripperies of an undergraduate minor in psychology, it would be insipidly hypocritical of me to disown an occasional effort—albeit a tentative and provisory effort—to reconcile the miraculous powers of Blackfoot "medicine" with the conventional "truths" of my own academic background. For instance, when the Chief told his next story, I found myself quite ready to attribute the superior athletic prowess of an elderly Blood Indian to a factor so prosily scientific as "self-hypnotism."

72 Shield's wife told us that the war party had left four days before, on the night after the tea party.

Little Shield's wife fed us, and then we went back to the camp of my mother's brother, Running Wolf. The six of us had decided to have our own war party, and I asked Running Wolf to paint me. He did so, and we left his camp that night. [114] [Running Wolf painted the Chief's face and probably his hands [117] and other portions of his body as well, and it is also possible that he painted his blanket and his weapons; this action was [189] intended to endow the painted one with good luck on the war party and with protection from the enemy.] The members of our war party were Big Ribs, Blackfoot Shorty, Hollering Owl, Tripod, myself, and Shake A Leg. [I translated this last name as [128] "Shakes His Foot," but since in Blackfoot the same word may be used to refer to both the lower leg and the foot, I shall go along with Jim's translation of "Shake A Leg."]

We traveled hard all that night, and hid out the next day near a stream. At dusk we started out again and traveled all night, and at dawn, as we neared the Writing-on-Stone in the vicinity of the Sweetgrass Hills, we saw smoke. We crept near in order to see who was camped there, and we found that it was the party of Little Shield—a total of seventy-six men. We had caught up with them in two nights of traveling. [Undoubtedly the Chief's six-man group had made excellent time, but subsequent events suggest that they had overtaken Little Shield so quickly because Little Shield had been dawdling along trying to find some way of cutting down the size of his much-too-large war party.]

We joined Little Shield's party, and after going two or three miles further the whole outfit camped for the day in the Upper Sweetgrass Hills. That night we went as far as the place where Red Tailfeathers had been killed some time before, and there Little Shield said, "This is where the butterfly will alight." 195 [This ancient Blackfoot metaphor, no longer in use, directed me into a rather lively linguistic chase. The Chief explained that the phrase, "This is where the butterfly will alight," means, "This is where we will pitch our camp," but Jimmy had never heard the expression before and the Chief was unable to suggest any explanation of its origin. I was so intrigued [115] by the problem, however, that I gave it no rest until finally, with the help of an elderly and highly intelligent Piegan lady named Ist-stán-nit-niki (Kills Instead) I was able to determine

122 never killed, and both Jimmy and I wish it could have been he that
224 shot this one.

When the Chief walked up to the moose, he said immediately and without hesitation that it was a young bull, two years old. It was a fairly big Shiras moose—much larger than a horse—but the [237] antlers were not remarkable. The Chief says that in the old days [415] the Indians used to make serving platters of the flat, dish-like antlers.

[196] The Chief remarked matter-of-factly that we had gotten a moose because we had sponsored a Beaver Ceremony yesterday. (He has [189] already revealed that one of the functions of the Beaver Bundle in the old days was to call the buffalo to the Blackfoot hunting grounds.) I told him that when I had tried peyote, down in New Mexico, I had seen a vision of a young bull moose with small antlers. And indeed this was true. Under the influence of peyote I had seen a phantasmagoria of beautiful and brilliant colors, most remarkable of which was a singular and delicate shade of blue (it occurred to me this very instant for the first time that blue is the favorite color of the Blackfoots—I had not made the association before). Next in the vision was a three-dimensional cross, and finally I saw the head of a very dark young bull moose—identical to the head of the moose we got today.

122 The Chief passed my peyote experiences lightly, obviously con-
224 vinced that the moose had been presented to us because of our
189 sponsoring of the Beaver Dance Ceremony. Of course, I would not
196 argue the matter with him, and indeed there is much ground for the Chief's conviction. The Beaver Ceremony is in part a prayer to the Great Spirit to make game abundant, and the fact that we took a moose early the next day is definitely remarkable. But, out of regard to my peyote experience, why did we get a young bull moose instead of one of the more plentiful animals such as deer and elk? This part of the Reservation is not moose country—this was the first moose to be taken in these parts within the memory spans of all the old Indians to whom I talked. But, to return once again to the Chief's point of view, why was it that we, of all the thousands on the Reservation, took the moose. That moose must have traveled many miles, crossing several ranches, in order to appear at just the proper time almost in our backyard. To me the whole affair represents a fascinating enigma; to the Chief it is a perfectly logical and apodictic sequence of related events.

122 The shooting of the moose was the easy part. The real work was
224 in skinning and butchering the huge creature. For years I carried in

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

In my time, the shield became the property of Curly Bear, who went through a special ceremony in order to assume ownership of the shield and its power. Later on, Wades-In-The-Water went through the same ceremony, and then he was the owner of the shield. Wades-In-The-Water gave the magic shield to a Crow friend of his, and the Crow threw it onto the garbage heap.

778
789

After becoming satisfied that we had not "skipped out" anything from "Heavy-set Boy," brother Jim launched into an elusively anfractuous narration of an adventure which had befallen him while he was "in a armies," before he once again became a "civillain." It seems that, following completion of "basin training," Jim and his buddy found it a refreshing "chains" to put on a "carson hat [garrison hat]" and go "on a passes." The story continued for quite some time, and I suspect that I must have missed an installment or two because the first thing I knew some traumatic circumstance had induced Jim to "kill over in a knocked-out." I never did learn the nature of Jim's affliction, but he was "out under" for "ten-twenty minutes up maybe to hour" before he "final come to it." As I understood it, Jim was plucked from the depths of febrility by a good jolt from a pint of booze which his buddy happened to have "on handy." ("I asked him, I says, 'Hey, you better give me drink out of your whiskey.'") And our invalid was thus so effectively resuscitated that he dashed to the nearest restaurant, ate "some damn near everything," and proceeded to "date out" the best looking waitress imaginable.

122

Usually, Jim's autobiographical *chansons de geste* keep me in surreptitious stitches, but this night I was too weary to curl a lip. (By the time Jim and I concluded our bull session, I had just enough gas left to reach my sack before I "killed over in a knocked-out"; there was no opportunity at the time to record the events of the evening, and actually I am typing this early the next morning—Sunday morning—while Jim is outside cutting wood for the breakfast fire.) But even last night, in the very nadir of my energy and enthusiasm—when even the simple gesture of taking my writing pad out of my pocket made me wish for a bullet to bite on—I found myself sedulously jotting down the more meaty of Jim's catacreses, or neologies, or whatever they are. Whatever you wish to call them, Jim's original expressions pour forth so unexpectedly and in such profusion that if you don't write them down immediately, I guarantee that you won't be able to remember them an hour later.